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THE UNKNOWN FRIEND.

(CONCLUDED.)

TRANSLATED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

CHAPTER X.

A single wax light was burning in the luxuriously furnished parlor of the Marchioness—Amelia was alone, reclining upon the sofa. She was attired in the most simple yet elegant manner. While the graceful symmetry of her form, and the soft mingling of the pure white and rosy tints of her complexion, gave her, in that mild and feeble light, the semblance of a most fascinating vision.

She was impatient in her watch. From time to time she raised her head, and inclined forward as in the act of listening. The evening wore on. A profound silence reigned around her—only broken at intervals by the light rustling of her silken drapery, that trembled at her every movement.

At last a slight noise was heard. She started and rose from her seat. The door opened, and a man entered.

"Frederic!" she cried, and darting towards him she folded him in her arms, and hung upon his neck in the wild ecstacy of her transport. "My Frederic! thanks for your coming. I waited for you—but I feared—I dreaded some snare, some treachery—some surprise. But you are here! You have braved every danger—always the same, my bold, my intrepid, my beloved tyrant!"

Frederic remained standing, motionless and silent; when she ceased speaking, he gently disengaged himself from her embrace, and regarded her with a penetrating and severe look.

"Madame!" said he to her, in a calm and cold tone, "you are very beautiful. But you have deceived yourself. To receive the visit which I make you there was no need of this elegant attire. You are deceived, and I pity you."

The Marchioness recoiled.

"What, Frederic! what do you say?" she replied, her voice trembling with agitation and surprise.

"Without doubt you are deceived. You have thought that in coming hither like Ludolph, I came also as a lover. Madame, you are deceived. You ought to have made some difference between that infamous creature and myself."

"Frederic!" cried Amelia, terrified by his manner and his unexpected reproaches. "In Heaven's name, what mean you! But no, I see it all; you wish again to amuse yourself by my terror, and—"

"To amuse myself! No, Amelia. I come to speak to you grave and serious words. As to your terror, yes, you ought, you ought to tremble. You ought to tremble before me, who know your faults, and who have received the mission of their punishment."

"Frederic! Frederic!"

"One moment, Amelia. Do not again interrupt me. Is it fear alone that moves you thus? Feel you no remorse,—no penitence? This ring, this ring, thou wretched one!—does it not recall the memory of him whom thou hast forsaken, whom thou hast sold, whose life and fame thou hast betrayed, whose blood thou wouldst have shed! and all, all for the unholy love of an infamous and convicted villain!"

Frederic! oh, spare me, I implore you! Do you wish to see me at your feet? Will that suffice? In the name of Heaven, do not destroy me!"

"Yes, I wish to see you at my feet, you who have believed that I would accept such unworthy and easily kindled love; you have believed that I would betray the Prince, who named me his friend; ask my pardon for having believed me capable of such base-

Well, pardon, pardon, a thousand times. wish you more? My God! could I have ought—"

Yes, I wish one thing more. Listen to me You have committed the most unworthy You have betrayed your husband; have sold the innocent; you have deved your benefactor. I know all—the proofs my hands. I ought to punish you. able not, but listen. You are still beautiful; utiful and seductive as an houri. The ce loves you—he can do so, for he knows not; he is deceived—he believes you to you seem. To him, your company is a and habitual delight. It is his daily pleasure, which nothing could replace. In unbetraying, in punishing you, I should inflict a terrible blow upon him. I dare not do it. I trembled even while exposing that infamous Ludolph. I will not inflict another wound, and one more painful than the first."

"Frederic! Frederic!" sobbed Amelia, trembling and upon her knees. "You are my saving angel! I swear to you that—"

At this moment a loud noise was heard; the door was pushed violently open, and the Prince stood upon the threshold.

"Hold!" said he, in a stern voice, "it is useless."

Amelia uttered a shriek of piercing agony, became pale and motionless, rooted to the on which she knelt, the very image of de-

"Madame," continued the Prince, "you are unworthy of either anger or regret. Go hence. carriage waits you at the door. Let some friend her out."

Two women entered, raised the unhappy Amelia from her knees, and led her forth existing and speechless. The Prince stood to face with Frederic. Two guards were the door, each with a lighted torch.

Prince made one step in advance towards the young man, who, pale indeed, and motionless, but still calm and dignified, endured in conscious rectitude the searching glance that was upon him.

"Baron de Neuberg," at length said the Prince, "I confess that in coming hither, I did not expect this; it is you, you who—"

"Prince," interrupted Frederic respectfully, yet calmly, "appearances are against me: it will be difficult to justify myself, but—"

"Justify yourself!" cried the Prince. "My friend? I have heard all," and advancing rapidly he extended his hand.

Frederic, surprised and deeply moved, endeavored to seize and carry it to his lips; but the sudden change after so terrible an anxiety was too much for his strength; he staggered forward and fell fainting upon the floor.

"Good Heaven!" cried the Prince, darting towards him. "He has fainted. Help, quick, quick, help!"

Alarmed by the cries of the Prince, several persons rushed in, and raised Frederic, who quickly recovered.

"Highness!" he murmured, "it is nothing. I wished to thank you. Your goodness—"

"Thank me! my friend, you who have so earnestly pleaded for my peace and happiness! it is I who have to thank you! But you quit me no more; this last proof has convinced me of your devotion and your affection. But let us leave this place, which recalls only painful remembrances. Adieu, my friend. Let me see you early in the morning."

With these words the Prince departed. He regained his apartments, when Loupestein entered.

"Highness!" said the private secretary, "pardon me that I trouble you so immediately upon your return; but the Count de Rosenheim is in my apartment, and he has implored me, in the name of Heaven, and of your own personal safety, to procure him one moment's audience."

"Rosenheim!" said the Prince. "Well, let him enter. I am very willing to see him for a few minutes."

The Count was immediately introduced. He was very pale, and evidently a prey to the deepest emotion. He bore in his hand a large package of papers.

"Highness!" said he, in an agitated voice, "I depend upon your great goodness to pardon an intrusion so strange, and so importunate. I tremble to think that a great misfortune may have happened, and that an innocent young man, Frederic de Neuberg—"

"What!" interrupted the Prince. "What fear you for Neuberg?"

"Ah! Heaven be praised!" exclaimed the Count. "Highness! the tone of your words reassures me. Your unexpected return—the unusual noise in the palace—made me fear lest that too confiding young man had fallen into the snare laid for him."

"No, no," again interrupted the Prince, "set your mind at rest. I have strong proofs of M. de Neuberg's attachment and fidelity to me, and I feel in return so much esteem for him, that I confess, my lord Count, that the affection you seem to bear him greatly pleases me. It is a title to mine."

"It would give me sincere happiness, Prince, to deserve it, and no exertions of mine shall be spared. But now, since my anxiety is appeased, permit me to retire, reiterating to your highness—"

"How, my lord Count, you spoke of fears for my personal safety, and of some intended treachery. Give me an explanation. What are those papers you have in your hand?"

"Highness, these papers might have served to prove the innocence and rectitude of De Neuberg, and the infamy of his enemies—but now—"

"What of that? So much the more necessary for me to see them."

"Sire!"

"My lord Count, your refusal astonishes me. Give me those papers."

"I cannot resist the commands of your highness. There they are. But as they do not belong to me personally, I pray you to remember that in placing them in your hands, I but obey your own orders. If you require any explanations, I think Baron de Neuberg will be able to give them."

"That suffices, my lord. Be assured I shall not forget any of the circumstances of this night; and I repeat to you, I am highly delighted with the zeal you have exhibited in this moment of difficulty. I see you too rarely at court, not to be pleased with your solicitude for the welfare of one so devoted to my interest as M. de Neuberg."

"Your highness may remember the unhappy causes which compelled my retreat from your court," said Count de Rosenheim, bowing low, "but they have never changed my sentiments of profound respect for my sovereign: opportunity only is wanting to prove this."

FREDERIC AND AMELIA.

"Well! my lord Count," replied the Prince, with a smile, "I hope we shall be more happy for the time to come." He made him an affable gesture of dismissal, and the Count retired.

CHAPTER XI.

Grossenstein, shut up in his cabinet, was traversing the little apartment with hurried and uneasy steps, and with an appearance of the most indescribable anxiety. He was evidently expecting the approach of some one with extreme impatience; and, in fine, after having once or twice opened the door and listened for the coming footsteps, he at last made an impetuous movement forward, and eagerly greeted the appearance of the page Franz.

"Well, Franz," he exclaimed, "what has happened?"

"A thunderbolt, your excellency!" said Franz, with an air of discontent and disappointment; "a thunderbolt, unexpected, crushing! The Prince returned suddenly this evening, we thought him far away, busy in hunting by torchlight:—but no, he came upon us all at once, went straight to the private parlor of the Marchioness, and caught her in the arms of Baron de Neuberg!"

"Good!" cried Grossenstein, with a movement of delight.

"Good! how good?" replied Franz, overwhelmed with surprise, and losing in his astonishment all signs of respect. "The fact did not appear in the least good to his highness; for he turned her out of doors, packed her in a carriage, and set her to Rosheim; where, closely guarded, she will have time to meditate upon the changes of fortune."

"To Rosheim!—come—that is indulgent. The place is very agreeable—it might have been worse. And the Adonis; the gallant Frederic?"

"Oh, as for him, it is incredible; it surpasses all that has ever been seen or heard."

"Well, well!"

"Well, his highness threw his arms round his neck; called him his friend, his dear friend!—and because the young man showed some signs of weakness, I thought the Prince would have fallen in a fainting fit by his side. He shouted out; he raged; he called for perfumes, salts, vinegar. I thought he would have overturned the palace. At last, Heaven be praised, the minion opened his eyes—then the country was saved, and the Prince withdrew, perfectly satisfied."

The Baron, stupefied with amazement, had listened to this recital with eyes and mouth wide open; at last he asked, in a weak and half smothered tone,

"Franz, are you mad?"

"No, certainly; but, by my faith, excellency, I am upon the point of becoming so. It is a fashionable malady."

"Come, come, reply: M. de Neuberg?"

"M. de Neuberg was congratulated, thanked, embraced by his highness. He then re-entered his carriage, and is at this moment in his hotel."

Grossenstein gave utterance to a kind of stifled groan, leaped from his seat, and immediately returned to it. At last he rose, with a gesture of infuriate and disappointed malice.

"It is impossible."

"No; but it is *incredible*," replied Franz, with the utmost calmness. "And yet it is all true. I saw and heard it all; we all saw and heard it. As for me, I have only one way to explain the whole matter. That young man is a sorcerer, and carries a talisman in his pocket, to make the Prince believe whatever he wishes."

Grossenstein rested his head upon his hands.

"Escaped!" he murmured, "saved from this danger!—it is all over, nothing can stop him more. He breaks through all; ruins all. Yesterday, Ludolph; to-day, Amelia; to-morrow—ah! if I wait till to-morrow, I am lost. But what shall I do? Cajole him—propose to share with him!—but what!—he is already master of every thing; he will laugh at my offers. Ah! well, since he has set the game going, we will play as he does, double always, and look to the result." He raised his head. "Franz, are you sure M. de Neuberg is at his hotel?"

"Yes, your excellency, sure as I am of myself, though I cannot be very sure of that after all that has happened."

Grossenstein seated himself at his desk and wrote a few lines.

"Well, go and find Neppburg; tell him to take a carriage with the Prince's livery, and six men upon whom he can depend."

He interrupted himself to put a seal upon the paper which he held.

"Here is the order for the immediate arrest of M. de Neuberg. You must execute it secretly, and without noise. Take him to the house of Nundorf and keep him there till my arrival. Hold—there shall be three thousand florins for you, and as many for Neppburg, if you act with promptitude and success."

"That is enough, excellency; I have the florins, and Neppburg also."

"You will return and tell me of your success?"

"Be assured of it, excellency," and Franz departed.

Grossenstein remained for a moment buried in deep reflection.

"It is my only hope," he murmured, "it is the only plank of safety left me. Once master of his person, he must purchase his life by the surrender of everything he has against me, and then I shall be without fear for the past, and—but we shall see."

We leave the noble Baron to his meditations, and return to Frederic. As Franz said, he had regained his hotel, and overcome by mental as well as bodily fatigue, had thown himself upon his couch to snatch a few minutes of repose. At break of day he opened his eyes, and saw, standing by his bed—the *unknown*, in every respect the same as he had seen him for the first time in the tavern. He started, and leaped from his recumbent posture with an emotion of surprise, not altogether free from terror. The unknown smiled.

"You know me, Frederic! though I see you did not expect my visit. Circumstances compelled it. Every moment is precious. The Prince will probably send for you immediately, and I have much to explain."

"I should have asked for an explanation myself," said Frederic, hurriedly. "The events of which I have been the cause, and the witness, appear to me so astounding. I understand so little of the means you have employed, that this mysterious influence confounds me."

"Well, listen; and this mysterious influence will appear simple enough. Know, then, that I was formerly called the Count—De Rosenheim."

"Rosenheim!" repeated Frederic.

"Yes," replied the visitor, with a smile, "I am the older brother of De Rosenheim, and the uncle of Constance. You understand now that it was no difficult matter to gain you admittance into his house, and that the virtue of the talisman was arranged between us."

"Oh, sir," said Frederic, with emotion, seizing his hand, "how have I deserved this?"

"You shall know," replied Rosenheim, kindly, and even affectionately, "you shall know why you have become my adopted son, and why I have rested upon you all my affection, and all my hopes."

"Twenty four years ago, Frederic, I was a young man of fair reputation, and possessing an ample fortune, as the heir of the house of Rosenheim. I met your mother, who was then called Sophia Ralph, and I loved her passionately. She loved me in return, at least I believed so, and I formed the determination to marry her. But your mother, though beautiful, intellectual, and accomplished, had neither rank nor fortune. My love threatened to baffle the ambitious projects of my family; they spared no means to separate me from Sophia—treachery, falsehood, calumny, all were employed, and unhappily they succeeded. Sophia married your father, the Baron de Neuberg, and I—I married—Amelia de Zeft."

"Amelia!" exclaimed Frederic.

"The ring, which I sent you, served for our espousals," replied Rosenheim, in a tone of sadness. "I did not love Amelia; and she cared not for me. I learned, only when too late, the secret motives that had gained her consent. Unhappy, and disgusted with my home, I sought amusement abroad. I entered the field of politics, I dreampt of the emancipation of Germany; I united with others—Grossenstein embraced our views with seeming ardor."

"Grossenstein!"

"The same. To escape the eyes of the police, we each took a particular device, mine was 'Mens Conscia Recti,' answering to the three initials of my name, Maurice Charles Rosenheim. Our plans were discovered; I was arrested, and thrown into prison. I escaped; but my trial proceeded. I was condemned to death, and executed in effigy. I fled to England and thence to America."

"But—Grossenstein?"

"I discovered, when too late, that Grossenstein had joined our association with projects very different from our own. He was then simply the base tool of the younger brother of the present Prince, who wished to dethrone his father, and to usurp the rights of his brother In the midst of their abominable plots, the reigning Prince suddenly died. Grossenstein, alarmed, and dreading discovery, became a double traitor. The republicans were crushed, and he, Grossenstein, became the minister of the very Prince against whom he had plotted under the pretence of his being an idiot and a lunatic."

"The scoundrel!" exclaimed Frederic, indignantly.

"He was not alone in his treason," resumed Rosenheim in an altered voice, "Amelia shared it. Notwithstanding our mutual coolness and indifference, Amelia guessed, and made herself mistress of our designs. She took advantage of her knowledge to get rid of me, and to regain her freedom. When she married me, Frederic, she thought a husband was necessary to cover consequences which she dreaded. Ludolph."

"Ludolph!"

"Yes, my son. But she was then ignorant, I believe, I am even certain, of the infamy to which she had abandoned herself. Ludolph had served in France, where, by means of his unworthy conduct, he had been condemned to irons for ten years. Escaped from the galleys of the King, he came to live here by his industry and his wits. Handsome, bold and fascinating, he became the lover of Amelia, and I—married her. She had not renounced her gallant lover, and when betrayed, denounced and condemned, I left her free, and mistress of the secrets of Grossenstein, she imposed Ludolph upon him. But in her turn, she had acquired another master. Thence arose that accursed association, that depraved trio who gambled with the affairs of state. Mutually masters of each other's secrets, they durst not reveal them for fear of betraying themselves; they preferred to unite, and to play into each other's hands.

"Obliged to flee to save my head from the scaffold, to wander from exile to exile, I learned only by little and little the events succeeding my condemnation, and penetrated only slowly the criminal secrets of which I have now informed you. I, however, did not resign all hope of justice. During my exile in France, I procured the proofs of Ludolph's infamy. I had already obtained those of the conspiracy of Grossenstein. But lying under the ban of condemnation, and obliged to hide, how was I to attack so formidable a coalition? I though of you, Frederic. You were already dear to me, as the son of Sophia, the only woman whom I ever loved. You have well justified the opinion which I conceived of your courage, your intelligence and your heart. I resolved to remain unknown, not only to avoid fear of denunciation, but also to enable me to combine my plans in secrecy and safety. My brother, Liebhmann and Muhlenberg, my former friends, remained faithful to me, and were the sole depositories of my secret. You know with what success I have hitherto struck my blows. I am now expecting the result of the last and most important of all. The Prince has in his own hands the proofs of Grossenstein's treachery and of the projects he had formed against himself. I kept them as our last defence, and the fear which I felt for your safety, when I saw the Prince return suddenly last night during your interview with Amelia, made me precipitate their delivery. The Prince's confidence in you is unbounded; he will probably speak to you of those papers. Finish your work; procure the condemnation of Grossenstein, and so enable me to spend my old age in my own country in peace and happiness near my adopted son."

Thus speaking, Rosenheim extended his arms toward Frederic, who embraced him with rapture. At the same moment, Liebhmann entered.

"Baron de Neuberg," said he, "there is a carriage with the livery of the Prince at the gate. They have come for you upon some urgent business. A page wished to come up to seek you, but I kept him below, till I could inform you."

"Adieu, Frederic," said Rosenheim. "This is the last trial. But you are prepared. It is unfortunate you could not read the papers—but you know enough to enlighten the Prince. Go—and may Heaven guard you! Adieu."

And he disappeared with Leibhmann at the same time that Franz entered.

"You will pardon me, excellency, for disturbing you at so early an hour," said the page, "but I have received orders to hasten your departure as much as possible. There are matters of the highest importance, and it seems your presence is indispensably necessary."

"I am ready to follow you," said Frederic. "But," he added, looking sharply at Franz, "were you not in the service of Madame de Zeft?"

"Bah!" thought the page. "The d—l of a man—what a memory!"

"In the service of Madame de Zeft?" replied he, in a tone of surprise. "Pardon, excellency, I am a page. Your excellency is probably not acquainted with the service of the interior of the palace. I take my turn every week following in my order."

"Ah, well!" said Frederic, "I am ready.—Let us go."

"Will your excellency pass on? The carriage is waiting at the great gate; etiquette will not permit it to enter the court of the hotel."

"It is well. Rudolph," cried Frederic to his servant, "give me my sword; take your cane, and mount behind the carriage."

"Your pardon, excellency," interrupted Franz, "etiquette will not permit that the livery of the Prince—"

"I care not for that," said Frederic, haughtily, "it must be so."

Franz did not reply, but descended with Frederic and Rudolph. He took a torch from one of the servants in livery, who waited in the vestibule—and passed on before.

"Baron de Neuberg," he said, in a loud voice, "insists that his servant shall mount behind."

"It is well," said one, "we will make room for him."

Frederic approached the carriage. Two servants opened the door, let down the steps, and stood uncovered. But at the moment when he was about to enter it, he recoiled.

"What means this?" said he; "there is already some one in the carriage."

He had scarcely spoken these words, when the two servants seized him by the arms, and a third snatched his sword from him. At the same instant Rudolph was thrown down and disarmed.

"Baron de Neuberg," said Neppburg, advancing, "I arrest you in the name of the Prince. Here is the order."

"Arrest me!" cried Frederic, still struggling; "it is false! treachery—help!"

But he was in a moment overcome, gagged, and forced into the carriage.

CHAPTER XII.

"Well," said Grossenstein, pale and trembling, as if shaken by the ague.

"It is done, excellency," replied Franz, "but not without trouble, for the d—l of a fellow is as prudent and cunning as a fox.—But we tricked him at last, and he is now caged."

"Ah!" ejaculated Grossenstein, with a deep sigh. "We shall now see, and—"

While he yet spoke, the door of his cabinet was opened, and Loupestein entered. Grossenstein made a gesture of disappointment, and then approached the private secretary with a pleasant air, and said,

"Ah, is it you, Loupestein? what has procured me the pleasure of your visit?"

"A painful task, my lord Baron. I am ordered to arrest you, and I come to execute it. Will you follow me?"

"Arrest me?"

And Grossenstein receded a few paces; his limbs trembled under him, and he was obliged to sit down.

"M. de Neuberg has transmitted to the Prince papers which accuse you of high treason. I am ordered not to permit you to leave my sight for a single moment, and to place seals upon your papers and your cabinet. I shall do this immediately in your presence. In obedience to the commands of the Prince, I have also arrested your secretary, Bernell. His highness has interrogated Ludolph, and you will probably be confronted this evening. I am about to place the Prince's seal upon this desk."

In the meantime guards had entered and taken their stations in the cabinet. The seals were soon affixed.

"Now, my lord Baron," said Loupestein, "let us go."

Grossenstein rose, pale and trembling.—They were obliged to support him out of the room.

"Zounds!" thought Franz, when he reached the vestibule, "all this is very strange!—The mischief! here is the Minister on his back! The order I executed this morning may bring me into a scrape; and some moment or other, it is possible that my head may not be quite as safe upon my shoulders as I could wish it! We must think upon it, Franz, my friend."

He followed M. de Loupestein, and when all was finished in the house of Grossenstein, he approached him, and touching him upon the shoulder, said, in a low voice,

"Excellency, I have something of importance to communicate to you."

"What is it?"

"This morning Baron Grossenstein gave me this order, in the name of his highness, commanding me to execute it immediately. I

escaped him, for I had no alternative; but I thought it my duty to inform you."

"M. de Neuberg!" exclaimed Loupestein, casting a rapid glance upon the order, "by my word, you have done well in communicating this; you would otherwise have incurred great danger. Run, page, run quickly, and release him. Good Heaven! if the Prince knew it!"

The Prince knew it already. Rudolph, having escaped from Grossenstein's satellites, had run instantly to the residence of Count de Rosenholm, and communicated the arrest of his master. Without the loss of a single moment, the brothers De Rosenheim threw themselves at the Prince's feet, and demanded justice for their young friend.

"De Neuberg arrested!" exclaimed the Prince, highly incensed. "Infamous Grossenstein! Tell that miserable wretch, that if De Neuberg is not restored to my presence, safe and uninjured, within one hour, he himself shall die."

He was interrupted by the eager entrance of his secretary, Loupestein.

"Highness!" said the latter, with an expression of joy, "be not alarmed, De Neuberg is here."

"Ah! Heaven be praised!" exclaimed the Prince, seizing the hand of Frederic. "Welcome, my friend. So this last favor you have done me, in exposing this infamous wretch, who would have treated me as an idiot, has nearly cost you your life. But I thank God you are safe. And now, my friend, be assured of one fact—you leave me no more."

The Prince kept his word; Frederic was at once installed in the palace; and not many weeks after, Constance de Rosenheim also dwelt there, under the title of Baroness de Neuberg.

"You have given me yet another talisman," said Frederic to the ci-devant unknown, now his uncle and his adopted father—"it is that of happiness."

"You had it already in your own possession, my friend," said Rosenheim. "The influence and virtue of those which I gave you, were in the past lives of our enemies; and they may be rendered by one word—'Conscience.'"

IMPERIAL INTERVIEWS.

Alexander II. of Russia, whose meeting with Napoleon III. of France is one of the most conspicuous high-life events of the day, is a very robust and handsome cavalier, who excels in certain bodily exercises. Consequently he passes for one of the first swordsmen in his whole empire. This accomplishment he possesses in common with his namesake and uncle Alexander, who also was very proud of his skill in fencing.

The Comte de Bondy, who was afterwards Prefet de la Seine, which is equivalent to being permanent Lord Mayor of Paris, had accompanied the first Napoleon to Tilsit in the capacity of chamberlaine. As part of the entertainments there, Alexander had organized a succession of matches of various kinds of fence; and the Comte de Bondy, who passed for an able hand,—and who really was one,—was invited to take part in them. He had the honor of fencing with Alexander himself.

"Above all things, Bondy," Napoleon charged him, "take all the pains you can to let him hit you."

"Oh, sire, the comte replied, "I had no need of a hint to that effect."

The match began; the comte was hit, and hit again, and nothing but hit. He was not engaged in a fencing match, but in a match of politeness. Meanwhile these taps of the foil one after another in the middle of the chest made the blood rush to his head. For the fifth time the foil struck him; but on this occasion the parry and thrust were so quick and successful, followed by hits of such rapidity, falling like hail on the bosom of the Czar, that it was impossible to make any mistake about the matter. Every body plainly comprehended that in the outset the courtier had restrained the swordsman; but that afterwards the swordsman had mastered the courtier. Alexander saw at once how the case stood, laughing all the while with the best grace in the world.

In reality, the Comte de Bondy had a lightness, a brilliancy, an inevitable certainty of fence, which gained for him the reputation of being the best fencer in France. One day, at the Hotel de Ville, during the second occupation of Paris, a young Prussian officer was blustering loudly and insulting every body because his general had been refused the exercise of some privilege which he claimed. M. de Bondy, at that time Prefet de la Seine, attracted by the disturbance, entered the room where the young bully was hectoring, and rebuked him with a few rather pointed observations.

"Who are you, to presume to talk to me in this way?" asked the officer.

"I am a man who knows your general, and who is certain that he never gave you either the right or the example to behave impertinently."

"I ask again, who are you, to dare to talk to me thus?" shouted the officer, in a perfect fury.

M. de Bondy replied in a very low voice and in very soft tones, drawing near to a window, "Here, in this room, monsieur, I am the Prefet de la Seine; but there, in the garden, under those trees, if you will have the goodness to follow me, I shall only be the Comte de Bondy."

At that terrible name the officer turned very red, took off his cap, which he had hitherto kept on his head, made a low bow, and left the room without taking any further trouble about the subject which he had come to advocate.

☞ Too Much Duty.—Henry Ward Beecher, as the Christian Register says, has declared himself in favor of omitting Sunday afternoon service, because he thinks the afternoon should be devoted to domestic converse, reading the Bible and religious instruction, and considers Sunday-school or churchgoing four times a day to be breaking the Sabbath.

☞ The Boston Traveller says that a number of young ladies in Salem, having considered the state of the money market, and determined not to pay $10 and $20 for a winter bonnet, have set about making bonnets for themselves.

☞ An Irishman, near Boston, becoming greatly alarmed recently at the severity of the thunder and lightning, fell suddenly upon his knees, and exclaimed:—"Oh, Lord, forgive us, and stop this."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

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TERMS.

The subscription price of the POST is $2 a year in advance—served in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number.

The POST is believed to have a larger country circulation than any other Literary Weekly in the Union without exception.

The POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

Back numbers of the POST can generally be obtained at the office, or of any energetic Newsdealer. Owing, however, to the great and increasing demand for the Paper, those wishing back numbers had better apply as early as possible, our rule being "First come, first served."

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—The POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest, are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.

PROSPECTUS.

For the information of strangers who may chance to see this number of the POST, we may state that among its contributors are the following gifted writers:

WILLIAM HOWITT, (of England,) ALICE CARY, T. S. ARTHUR, GRACE GREENWOOD, AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, MRS. M. A. DENISON, EMMA ALICE BROWNE, The Author of "AN EXTRA-JUDICIAL STATEMENT," The Author of "ZILLAH, THE CHILD MEDIUM," ANNA BLACKWELL, &c., &c.

We are now engaged in publishing the following novelet, WHICH WILL BE ILLUSTRATED WITH APPROPRIATE ENGRAVINGS:—

THE HAUGH AND THE UPLANDS.

A VILLAGE TALE.

BY ANNA BLACKWELL.

The following will be published in due season:—

THE RAID OF BURGUNDY,

A TALE OF THE SWISS CANTONS.

By AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, Author of "The Last of the Wilderness," &c., &c.

FOUR IN HAND; OR THE BEQUEST.

Written for the Post, by GRACE GREENWOOD.

In addition to our original novelets, we design continuing the usual amount of FOREIGN LETTERS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, ENGRAVINGS, View of the PRODUCE AND STOCK MARKETS, THE PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKET, BANK NOTE LIST, &c. For terms, see the head of this column.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Respectfully declined:—"October;" "The Forest Flower;" "Sane and Sound;" "Poverty;" "Scenes from An Old Maid's Window;" "The Collision;" "Those Eyes;" "Death;" "You Came to Me, etc.;" "Give Me a Home;" "Margaret and I;" "A Canto;" "My Sweetheart;" "Captain Roland."

Subscriptions.—The notes of all solvent banks will be taken in payment of subscriptions to The Post—although, of course, we *prefer* gold or silver.

Subscribers who find a difficulty in getting anything under a five dollar note to remit, should bear in mind that we send the paper three years for five dollars. All should also remember that in times like these, it is better to subscribe to an old and firmly established paper like The Post, which a "crisis" in the money market scarcely affects, than to papers of a more transient and less reliable character.

OUR NOVELETS.

We have received a letter from Grace Greenwood, in which she begs the indulgence of the readers of The Post relative to her promised story. She says:—"I thought in the winter I could write it at once, but a thousand unforeseen things occurred to put off the work. I had afterwards, in the summer, a severe and tedious illness from which I have not yet wholly recovered, though I am gaining strength very fast. We came here on the 5th, and here I intend to stay until I have finished that story." Of course our readers will grant Grace the grace she craves. We hope the story, when it does come, will be all the better for the delay.

We have the greater part of Mr. Duganne's promised Novelet on hand, but not having the whole yet, we thought it better to publish "The Haugh and the Uplands," by Miss Anna Blackwell—the first part of which we print this week. We think it an excellent picture of English country life, and not deficient in action and incident.

The Expenses of the East India Rebellion.—In calculating the expense to England of this rebellion, it must be remembered that the revolt of the Sepoys, in its financial aspect, has two sides. The East India Company has always supported the native troops out of the revenues of India. Some 60,000 natives having disbanded, their place can be supplied by the same number of English troops, with only the difference to the Company of the difference between their pay and that of the revolted Sepoys. What this difference is, or whether there is any difference, we are not informed. The pay of a regiment of 1 200 Sepoys is about $15,000 a month. The Company had saved, therefore, on the fifty revolted regiments, by the end of August, over two millions of dollars. How far, on the other side of the account, their revenues have been affected by the disturbed state of the country, we know not. But the fact we have mentioned has no small bearing upon the predicted drain of specie from England to India.

Dress Making.—J. G. Maxwell & Son, 1026 Chestnut street, advertise in our columns great reductions in their goods—with the object of being thus able to continue their operatives in employment through the winter. Those that can afford to buy, are doing good now-a-days by spending their money. Wages are the true charity.

SPECIE AND PAPER.

By a late return of the Bank of France, we see that it has about $120,000,000 of notes in circulation, to $45,000,000 of coin and bullion. This is over two-and-a-half dollars of paper to one of specie—a much larger proportion of paper, we are inclined to believe, than what is generally supposed. The smallest note issued by the Bank of France is equivalent to about $20.

The proportion of paper to specie in this country is stated to be, according to the returns made in or near January last, as follows: Circulation $176,000,000, Specie $63,000,000.—This is a very little larger proportion of paper to specie than exists in France—notwithstanding we have bank notes of as small a denomination as one dollar in the United States.

A comparison of the proportions of paper to specie in the various States of the Union, may be both new and interesting to our readers.—We therefore quote the following official table:—

SUMMARY STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF ALL THE BANKS IN THE UNITED STATES, 1856-7.

States.	*Specie.*	*Circulation.*	*Capital.*
Maine,	$1,025,000	$3,600,000	$3,000,000
New Hampshire,	180,000	3,000,000	4,720,000
Vermont,	200,000	3,700,000	4,000,000
Massachusetts,	4,513,000	25,000,000	59,700,000
Rhode Island,	377,000	5,200,000	15,500,000
Connecticut,	800,000	6,810,000	18,300,000
New York,	13,000,000	28,000,000	101,000,000
New Jersey,	750,000	4,800,000	6,000,000
Pennsylvania,	6,000,000	15,400,000	23,700,000
Delaware,	250,000	1,000,000	1,700,000
Maryland,	3,300,000	5,100,000	11,100,000
Dis. of Columbia,	300,000	350,000	1,300,000
Virginia,	4,000,000	12,000,000	14,000,000
North Carolina,	2,000,000	6,000,000	6,100,000
South Carolina,	1,300,000	8,400,000	15,000,000
Georgia,	1,500,000	5,000,000	10,200,000
Florida,			
Alabama,	900,000	250,000	3,100,000
Louisiana,	3,000,000	7,500,000	15,200,000
Mississippi,	50,000	300,000	200,000
Tennessee,	2,000,000	5,000,000	10,300,000
Kentucky,	5,000,000	13,500,000	13,130,000
Missouri,*	1,140,000	2,200,000	1,200,000
Illinois,	350,000	2,500,000	4,420,000
Indiana,	1,500,000	5,300,000	4,500,000
Ohio,	2,000,000	10,000,000	6,000,000
Michigan,	350,000	1,000,000	2,500,000
Wisconsin,	530,000	1,150,000	3,000,000
Aggregate,	963,200,000	176,750,000	373,950,000

* Does not include the new banks.

The diversities of the proportions of specie in the above table are truly surprising. It will be seen that the New England States seem to care very little as to the proportion of specie to paper. Thus Vermont has only one dollar of specie to about *eighteen* of circulation. Rhode Island about one dollar of specie to *fifteen*. New Hampshire one dollar of specie to *seventeen* of notes. Massachusetts one to six.

Coming to the Middle States, we find a much larger proportion of specie. Thus New York and Maryland have not two dollars of notes to one of specie; while Pennsylvania has only two and a half of notes to one of coin.

As we go South, the disproportion again increases. Thus Virginia, North Carolina, and Georgia have three dollars of notes to one of specie—while South Carolina and Mississippi have six to one. Alabama—the banks of which State have not suspended—has, it seems, over three dollars of *specie* to one of notes!

The Western States generally range about three dollars of paper to one of coin—though Illinois has seven to one.

It will be well for our readers and the people generally, before making up their minds on this somewhat intricate currency question, to obtain all the facts they can, and attentively consider them. They will find some things difficult to understand and to explain, perhaps, by so doing. Thus many would say, from a perusal of the above statement, that the Banks of New England, and especially of Vermont and New Hampshire, should have been the first to suspend in the present crisis. And yet the Philadelphia Banks, with probably at least a dollar in specie for every dollar of their circulation—a much greater proportion of specie to paper than the general average of the State—were the first to go.

Perhaps the explanation partly is, that there is a greater distrust of banks in Pennsylvania than in New England—which is manifested by the much smaller proportional amount of bank capital. This distrust leads to "runs" upon the banks, in seasons of financial difficulty. And, if there is a "run," a bank with only three dollars of immediate liabilities (in the shape of circulation and deposits) to one of specie, is just as surely bound to suspend, as a bank with six times that proportion of paper in circulation. The only difference is that one cannot pay, and the other cannot even *pretend* to pay.

The economy of the New Englanders is broadly displayed in the great proportion of paper to specie among them. For the *cheapness* of a paper currency is the great reason that it is so universally prevalent. Communities that are poor, are forced to resort either to paper money, or to a rude exchange of commodities. Thus in the early history of this country, we find Virginia making tobacco a legal tender; Massachusetts, wampum, land, &c. Those who wish to see to what straits our forefathers were reduced for a currency, are referred to an interesting collation of historical facts, in another column, for which we are indebted to the industry of a contemporary.

It does not occur to many people, judging from what we frequently hear in conversation, that one weighty reason why all communities do not use gold and silver alone for currency, is because they are very costly. Newspaper editors speak of gold "flowing in" where it is needed—but our colonial forefathers needed it greatly, and yet it would not flow in. The truth is, that if you wish gold for currency, you must buy it—just the same as if you need it for watches or jewelry. And gold employed for currency, is just as unproductive as the gold in the watches. Now, poor communities, when composed of intelligent, enterprising men, as our ancestors were, do not always like to lock up their means in a circulating medium, if they can make anything less costly do the same work. We have in this country, say $176,000,000 of paper money, in addition to the gold and silver coin. That $176,000,000, less the $63,000,000 of coin kept as a basis in the vaults of the bank, gives $113,000,000 surplus of paper money, the first cost of which is comparatively nothing. Now to supply the place of that $113,000,000 with gold and silver coin, would cost the locking up of that amount of the solid capital of the country; which, as at present actively employed, is producing say at least six per cent. per annum. The *yearly* cost therefore of substituting $113,000,000 of coin in the place of that amount of paper, would be the annual interest of said sum—say $6,780,000.

The question, therefore, is a very plain one. Is the superiority of a metallic over a paper currency, worth $6,000,000 yearly, for every $100,000,000 of currency required? So far, the verdict of every civilized community, as shown by its actions, has been in the negative. It may be, however, that such verdicts have been wrong. It may be that the yearly cost of the metallic currency would be more than compensated by its permanency and reliability.

And yet, even this may not really be the practical question. It is questionable whether any community that withdraws a large paper currency from circulation, ever will supply its place with an equal amount of coin. For it is not a thing that a nation does as a nation, by legislative resolution—but an individual work, depending on the enterprise and interest of individual capitalists. We apprehend that the practical working of an attempt to substitute a hundred millions of specie for the same amount of paper—diverting of course that hundred million from the industrial and business pursuits in which it is actively employed—would be found so onerous, that the result would be that the country would be forced to content itself with a much smaller currency of specie than the one of paper that it had withdrawn. Whether this permanent restriction of the currency would or would not operate as a constant fetter upon trade and business, is a very important view to consider, upon which men naturally will differ. For our own part, we shall never stand obstinately in the way of having the matter tested in a practical manner; if it pleases the majority of the people, in their wisdom, so to determine.

ECONOMY.

"There is a time for all things," said Solomon. Doubtless the present period is, in a large number of cases, the time for Economy. Many persons, especially in the cities, have been living beyond their means. Among these, we are glad to perceive a general disposition to retrench their expenditures. That it is quite time for it, is shown by the amusing mode in which they sometimes propose to economise—a kind of "saving at the spigot," and "wasting at the bung hole" system, which novices in the art of saving are very apt to practice. They will learn, however, in season, if the hard times continue long enough.

But let people act with reason. Because A, B, and C, are in duty bound to lessen their expenses in every possible way, why should D, who has been living in a reasonable and prudent manner all through the good times—and, owing to this, is not very much pinched at present—closely follow their example? And why should E—with a large income, and plenty of money in his pocket—follow suit in a course which, for him, is not righteous economy, but niggardly parsimony?

"The poor ye have always with you," says the Scripture. If everybody, without regard to his means, takes a sudden fit of economy this winter, how are the poor to live? Is it wisdom to throw servants and operatives out of employment—and then support them in idleness by alms-giving?

Now, the true policy, as we consider it, is for those to retrench whose means demand it, and for those to spend who can well afford it. The man who is well-to-do, is acting wisely in the present condition of affairs, by spending, not saving and hoarding money. If he wants repairs done to his house, and can afford to pay for them, now is the time to call upon the neighboring mechanics for their labor. It is positively real and true economy to have work done at times like the present; for you can get your work done both cheaper and better. Every experienced man knows that, as a general rule, work is always better done when work is scarce, and wages low, than in an opposite condition of affairs. When men work cheaply, they will also give more labor for the money. It does not speak very highly, we grant, for poor human nature, but it is the fact, nevertheless. High wages and poor work too often go together.

Ex-Attorney General Caleb Cushing, in a recent speech at Faneuil Hall, advocated the policy we have recommended, in the following sensible language:

At such a time as this, when so many thousands of industrious men and women in Massachusetts are deprived of occupation and of means of support by the curtailment or suspension of work in the great manufactories of the State, although for them retrenchment is a necessity as well as duty, yet it is not so for those who, with wealth, possess assured means of subsistence. Why should they retrench, when every article they consume is of diminished price? It would be especially unwise for them to do so at a time when every item of personal expenditure which they may cut off will but serve to aggravate evils, by contributing to impede the circulation of money, by increasing the superabundance of unemployed labor, and by multiplying the causes of poverty and crime, and in the long run subject them to larger expenditure of alms-giving and taxation.

At a time like this in France, for instance, there would be succor to labor by great public works of the Government, such as the addition of a new quadrangle to the Louvre or the Tuileries. We cannot in this way combat the effects of a stricture, as it is called, in the money market. But we can, so far as we possess the means, continue our accustomed train of life; persevere in well devised and well directed enterprises; keep, so far as possible, our ships and our looms in action; preserve unmoved the great landmarks of our industrial prosperity, and stand ready to start anew when the proper time comes, as come it soon must, all the great movements of production and of commerce throughout the Commonwealth.

Yes, not in foolish hoarding, and in a business inaction, will relief be found for the community—but in a directly opposite course, judiciously pursued. You who can afford it, continue to purchase what you need and want. The world is not coming to an end, just yet—though the banks have suspended. Let all do what they safely can in keeping the wheels of industry and trade in motion, and be assured that, in doing this, they are indirectly but unerringly helping themselves.

Mr. Dempster, the vocalist, has not "suspended" upon his *notes*, but is issuing them with as much freedom as ever. For fifty cents, he gives as many as can be received in an evening. He is now in Philadelphia.

THE LEAST OF TWO EVILS.

Debtors wishing to make payments to their creditors find that their funds are at twenty per cent. discount where the creditor resides. Neither debtor nor creditor is willing to meet the sacrifice, and the obligation remains undischarged. This is the state of things all over the country.

The rates of discount on the street for bank-notes of distant places, at the present time, are perfectly ridiculous; but there is a very simple remedy in the hands of the public. Let them mutually agree to receive and pay all notes of solvent banks at par—never selling a dollar of distant money save when absolutely necessary. This course will also tend to a rapid discharge of debts—for every man will think it to his interest to pay away the notes he receives as fast as possible—and thus exert a very perceptible influence on trade and business.

There is no real and substantial difference between the paper currencies of different States, at all approximating to the rates which the brokers—on account of the unsettled condition of things—are compelled to charge. The notes of the banks of this city, for instance, are just as good as those of the banks of New York—and it is a waste of money to pay even one per cent. between them. And yet a gentleman told us the other day, that he took the notes of the New York country banks to our brokers, and they would not buy them for less than four per cent. discount, payable in Philadelphia currency; while, at the same time, the brokers of New York were asking the same discount on Philadelphia notes in that city—making a difference of eight per cent. between the New York *State*, and the New York *City* money. And yet the New York State notes are now par in the city of New York.

The fact is, when things are in such a muddle as they are now, it is all folly to make such great differences between the notes of solvent banks—between tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee. Pass them along, from hand to hand, as rapidly as possible—for if you attempt to discriminate too narrowly, you will lose far more by fettering business, and in paying heavy discounts to the brokers, than there is any probability of losing by the plan we recommend. A bank must have been badly managed, indeed, if it does not finally redeem all its circulation. And, granting that one does break down here and there, that loss—distributed as it will be through the community—will be much more readily borne, than the complete paralysis of business which ensues from a too great daintiness in receiving the notes of distant banks in payment of debts.

Mr. Appleton's Letter.—Our readers are referred to the letter of the Hon. Nathan Appleton, of Boston, which we publish this week. Mr. Appleton's views, it will be noticed, are in accordance, in the main, with those promulgated in The Post, as to the cause of the present financial panic. Even the New York *Times* thus comments upon the course of the banks of that city:—

"They have shown throughout a timid, nervous apprehension about their own safety, and a consequent indifference to the safety of the great business community upon which they were absolutely dependent. They have thus exasperated one class of business men and alarmed another. Their feverish anxiety about themselves created corresponding distrust on the part of the public, and this has been growing from day to day, under the stimulus of the failures which were constantly occurring among the merchants, and which were charged to the selfish contraction of bank accommodations.—It is said that the banks could not expand with safety to themselves; but their safety depended throughout far more on the confidence and forbearance of their creditors than upon the amount of their indebtedness. * * *

"The adoption of the country circulation for that of the city at an early day would have accomplished the object—but neither that nor anything else was done, or even attempted by the banks."

So far, the evidence must be taken as bearing decidedly against the New York Banks. If they have anything to say in their own defence, it would be well that they should now say it—or judgment will be taken against them, in the great Court of Public Opinion, by default.

Labor Wanted at the West.—The reports from the West sustain the views recently expressed in the Post, as to the advantages of instituting benevolent societies to aid in the transmission of the unemployed labor of this section to our Western brethren. The Evansville (Indiana) Journal says:—

We are assured that fifty or one hundred females could find good homes and liberal wages in families in this city at the present time. Within a week, we have published advertisements for female help, by persons who offer good homes for girls—at $1,50 to $2:50 per week.

We notice also, that the Pacific and Minnesota Railroad, on which work has just commenced, is in want of a large number of laborers, and that the Galena mines are advertising for ten thousand workmen. Why should not the West take the lead by appointing Committees in different towns, to correspond with the benevolent societies of the Eastern cities relative to this matter?

Will Not Suspend.—We see it stated that in some of the Western and South-Western towns, the banks not only do not intend to suspend—but do not even mean to allow a "run" upon them. The plan pursued is for each bank to have "its *crowd*," as an Irishman would say, and hustle off all such suspicious characters as agents and brokers, who are supposed to meditate a demand for specie. These institutions show a determination to preserve the specie basis, which must undoubtedly "carry them through the crisis."

The Alabama Banks.—Mobile, October 19.—None of the Alabama banks have been seriously affected by the late pressure, and in no one instance has the suspension of specie payments been resorted to.

We see the above in the telegraphic columns of the daily papers, and therefore suppose it to be correct. Good for Alabama! In New Orleans, too, a number of the banks still pay specie.

☞ "Times are improving, and men are getting on their legs again," said a gentleman to his friend. "How so?" "Why those who used to ride down in their carriages, now walk."

☞ The kisses of friends are insipid. Kisses should be sacred to lovers. It is the passion that is in a kiss, that gives to it its sweetness.

THE JOINTED STEAM-SHIP.

A short time ago a vessel of a very novel description, appeared in the East India docks. She was of iron, built in compartments or sections, with this remarkable peculiarity, that each section, instead of forming part of an ordinary rigid, indivisable vessel, as in the *Great Eastern*, was a distinct vessel, complete in itself, and connected to the other sections by a moveable joint of extreme simplicity and immense strength. The joints were constructed by giving to the after end of each section a concave form, enabling it to contain and overlap the convex bow of the adjoining section. Through the overlapping parts, at the sides of the vessel, were inserted massive iron bolts, resting in stout wrought-iron sponsons, firmly attached to the ship's sides and framework. These bolts, which constituted the pivots or centres of the joints, were attached to powerful levers under the decks, by means of which they could be drawn inwards, for disconnecting, or pushed outwards for connecting the sections. The vessel was in fact, a "jointed ship," capable of bending at the joints both upwards and downwards, accommodating herself to the rise and fall of the waves, and fitted with powerful gear for instantaneously detaching one or more of her sections when required. By this new system of naval construction, vessels of exceedingly light draught, and of length far greater than hitherto, carrying the largest cargoes, may be used without danger of breaking their backs, or even straining; the yielding of the joints obviating that liability. The great length, light draught, and narrow midship section, permit the attainment of unprecedented speed; whilst the facility for detaching part of the vessel in case of collision, fire, sudden leakage, or grounding with a fallen tide, affords a means of saving life, and a portion of hull and cargo, when otherwise all would be lost. In steam shipping a great economy of time and expense is effected. One section carries the engine and the crew; all the other sections are appropriated to cargo. On the arrival at its destination of a "jointed ship," the engine and screw section is immediately detached, transferred to another jointed vessel of same gauge of joint, and despatched at once without incurring the delay of unloading one cargo and loading another. The detention of marine engines during repairs of the hulls is also avoided by this system. The sections of jointed vessels can load at inland points, proceed separately, by canal or river, to the nearest seaport, there connect with the steam section, and take their cargoes direct over sea, avoiding the delay and expense of trans-shipment.

SPORT AMONG THE PYRAMIDS.

While we sat (on the summit of the Great Pyramid of Egypt) to rest our wearied limbs, the lively Bedouins, anxious to make the most of our visit, planned all sorts of exploits to be done for so much money, when they found us decided in refusing more backsheish. We had, in a soft, or rather a tired moment, when halfway up, given them two shillings to each party. For two shillings one man offered to run up the Great Pyramid in five minutes, which I doubt not he would have done. We settled, however, that for three shillings one should, within ten minutes, descend from the top of the Great Pyramid, where we were all assembled, and reach the summit of the adjacent Pyramid. The instant the bargain was made, the man disappeared over the corner next the second Pyramid; and I reached the dizzy edge just to see him tripping down with as much facility as if upon the most graduated staircase. His leaps were irregular, to suit the stones; but although some of the steps were four and five feet high, with occasional narrow ledges alight upon, he took them all in the same flying style. He disappeared from view after one fourth or so of the descent; but within five minutes he emerged upon the uneven ground between the two Pyramids, running like some flattened insect beneath us. The ascent of the second Pyramid seemed more difficult than that of the first; particularly on reaching smooth part near the top, where the Arab several times to run along the parallel edges the stones to find irregularities for his ascent. He took eleven minutes, however; and the countrymen, who regarded the hands of his watch with some interest, remarked that he was too fat, and that others would do it in the time. But we were quite satisfied.—*Westgarth's Victoria.*

MRS. LOFTY AND I.

Mrs. Lofty keeps a carriage,
So do I;
She has dapple grays to draw it,
None have I.
She's no prouder with her coachman
Than am I,
With my blue-eyed, laughing baby,
Trundling by.
I hide his face lest she should see
The cherub boy and envy me.

☞ The *N. Y. Express* says: "at a great *sale* of fashionable furniture up to *there were no buyers.*"

☞ The Nottingham Review observes Melton Mowbray can boast of three public racters which perhaps no other town namely, two independent ladies who have out game-certificates, and who enter the field and bring down the game equal to any male sportsman. The other is a female blacksmith, who is such an adept at shoeing a horse o working at the anvil as to cause universal excitement.—*English Paper.*

☞ New Species of Horse Chestnut.—A gentleman has shown us a chestnut of the usual size, which he avers and believes, was taken from the inside of a hen's egg. How came there, he does not undertake to explain, but holds himself responsible for the truth the statement, that it was there. No doubt it; and just as sure as you plant it, and grows into a tree, just so sure that tree w bear chickens.

☞ When the late Duke of Wellington to Oxford as Chancellor, he was very puzzled when they told him he was to make Latin speech at the inauguration. In this lemma he applied to his physician, as likely from his prescriptions to know Lat and he made a speech, which answered ver well. "I believe," said the duke, "it was very good speech, but I did not know much the matter."

☞ In the choice of a lover, a woman co siders more how he appears in the eyes of women than in her own.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

A Blaze of Royalty—A Gem of a Palace—Weather and Wine—A Wooded City—The Imperial Tobacco Factory.

Paris, Oct. 1, 1857.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The interview between the Emperors of France and Russia has already come to a close; as much dining, receiving, and spectacle seeing as could well be stuffed into the space of four days having taken place in the little capital of Stuttgardt during their stay. The presence of the Empress Marie, of the Queens of the Netherlands and Greece, and a number of various other Grand-Ducal and other reigning personages, of the Protestant Alliance and the Art Union—both of which bodies were holding their annual meeting at the same time—have aided in bringing the excitement of the Stuttgardters to a crisis, and in imparting an unprecedented degree of liveliness to that quiet metropolis of thirty-five thousand souls.

The visit of the court to the Royal Theatre, when everybody was in full dress, and diamonds and orders out-dazzled one another, seems to have been a very imposing affair; as no doubt was also the splendid dinner given by the amiable old Kinglet of Wurtemburg to his distinguished guests, in the little German Alhambra of Wilhelma.

This small palace, built in the Moorish style, and standing in the loveliest of lovely gardens, a few miles from the capital, is said to be the most perfect gem of a palace in existence. Architecture, arrangement, and furniture are all so beautiful that its description reads like a fiction of Oriental romance. Built by the present king, he holds it in the most affectionate regard, but suffers no profane step to cross its threshold. It seems that a journalist who was admitted to visit it some years ago, published a description of the wonders it contained, and stated it to be impossible that such a mass of magnificence could have been got together at any outlay short of seventeen millions. The king was so indignant at this exaggeration, and at the implied prodigality on his part, that he declared no human creature except his own invited guests should ever be allowed to enter its gates, and he has kept his word.

An enthusiastic correspondent of one of the Paris papers, who vows and declares that he really did contrive, despite the difficulty of the attempt, to get admitted into the gardens through the aid of Vivier, the king of horn-blowers, whose eccentricities formed the subject of one of my recent letters, and who is said to be in high favor with certain great functionaries of the Stuttgardtian court, is in such a state of ecstacy over the beauty of the grounds and the outside of the palace, that he avows his wonder that the king has not tried to put it into a jewel-case, or under a glass.

The illustrious company lately assembled in Stuttgardt were driven over to the Wilhelma on Friday afternoon in the royal carriages; and after promenading the gardens, the Emperor Napoleon, dividing his attentions and the honor of his arm between the Empress Marie and the Queen of the Netherlands, they sat down to dine in a dining-room with regard to which I know only that its magnificence and beauty are almost distracting to those who enter it with the simple and reasonable idea of discussing their dinner with due attention to its own special merits. After the dinner, during which the military bands stationed under the trees did their utmost, the palace and gardens burst out in a blaze of illumination, which lit up every corner as though it were noonday, and made the beautiful little white palace, with its domes and delicate minarets, look to spectators at a distance as though on fire.

Accounts differ as to the physiognomy of the Czar, some stating that he looks to be in perfect health, with regular features, remarkably bright eyes and animated expression, and remarkably grand and distinguished manners; others say that he looks pale, harrassed, old and dissipated, and are inclined to give credit to recent rumors that speak of his being under the dominion of a growing affection for the wine-cup. The Empress seems to impress every one by the kindly expression and great intelligence of features which have not the faintest claim to beauty. The Queen of Greece, a relation of the Czar, and a Russian at heart, is a hard, haughty and unamiable woman, with a good deal of talent and will, whom nobody seems to like.

Notwithstanding the conflict of opinions on the subject, it is probable that the interview at Weimar, between Alexander and Francis-Joseph, will be followed by an interview between the latter and Louis Napoleon. The rumor on the matter is to the effect that the French Emperor will accompany his Polar brother to Weimar.

A friendly feeling should result between the various crowned heads from the interviews now going on, the state of Europe must certainly be benefitted thereby. It is time the day for the different European rulers to see themselves that they could band together to resist the will of their people on the great questions of reform which are pressing on the mind and heart of Europe; and the most obtuse, with the exception of Bomba and the Roman Camarilla, are becoming aware that, if they wish to keep their place, they must conform, at least in a certain measure, to the popular will in their respective dominions. If, therefore, an alliance be formed among the foreigns, the chances of war in Europe are proportionally diminished, the possibility of general reforms and improvements being carried out in concert increased, and consequently the people of Europe have nothing to lose, but much hope of gaining much, from these new movements of their rulers.

Meanwhile, the weather continues very fine; and the late frightful rain and inundation which have committed such ravages in the south of France, have done much damage to the vineyards, the vintage will be vastly superior, both in quantity and quality, to that of ordinary years.

The "improvement" of Paris itself is going on actively as ever. A great garden is being laid out behind the Palace of Industry; new streets, boulevards and bridges, are to be erected without delay.

The most evident as Paris really is, one of the most delightful features of this pleasant city, as every body knows, is its trees. And one of the best wooded quarters here is the long open reach of the Quai d'Orsay, from the fine square in front of the Hotel des Invalides, to the wide, sandy expanse of the Champs de Mars, lying hot and sunny, 1,320 feet in length by 2,700 in width, between the fine edifice of the Ecole Militaire and the Seine.

The Place des Invalides is ornamented with several lines of trees; the Champ de Mars is bordered with four rows, forming pleasant alleys where the youths and maidens of the Faubourg of "Big-Pebble" may be seen sauntering on warm summer evenings, or sitting with their heads and hands in close proximity, on the green wooden benches which a paternal Municipality has recently substituted for the stone ones which formerly did duty in their place. Between these two great squares runs the broad line of the quay, with its handsome stone parapet, its fine bridges, and the long bright line of the river, with its double border of foliage through which we catch sight of the white faces of the houses, looking still whiter for their leafy surroundings. The quay itself is planted with fine rows of trees, one of which borders the smooth asphalte pavement along the parapet; the other four forming two noble alleys arched over by interlacing boughs, with a still wider alley, open to the sun, between them. Those who have happened to push their explorations as far as this *terra incognita* of the Far West of Paris, will probably agree with me in regarding this portion of the quay as one of the prettiest in Paris; and if they have seen the charming effects of the early morning, or of the evening sky when the sun is going down in gold, crimson, and violet, lighting up trees, buildings and river, the pretty island just beyond with its gayly painted swimming-schools; the broad expanse that takes in one edge of the Bois de Boulogne, and the low hills that form the rim of the basin in which Paris stands, they will certainly have wondered that this beautiful promenade should be so utterly ignored by the *beau monde* of the capital.

But my purpose in taking the readers of the Saturday Evening Post to this region of soldiers, wine shops, lumber yards, and *petites gens*, was not so much a Quixotic desire to render justice to a charming promenade suffering under unmerited neglect, as to invite them to visit a great National Institution, whose principal entrance fronts this pleasant quay, half-way between the Bridge of the Invalides, and the Bridge of the Alma, and in which no less than 2,500 members of the fairer sex are employed as laborers; viz., the Imperial Tobacco Manufactory, which occupies three sides of the square formed by the streets of the Boucherie, Universite, St. Jean, and the quay. A dark brown stream, turbid and steaming, constantly issuing from the court of the manufactory, carries the impurities washed from the leaves of the tobacco into the street gutters; and a strong odor of the weed abhorred of King James, is, in certain states of the atmosphere, widely diffused through the neighborhood of the building.

This establishment, which, with ten others in different parts of the country, serves for the manufacture of snuff, cigars, and pig-tail tobacco, of which the French Government reserves to itself the exclusive monopoly, is the "great fact" of this particular quarter of the town. At six o'clock in the morning the tolling of a loud bell summons its *employees* to forsake their slumbers and prepare for work; a second summons, half-an hour afterwards, inviting them to take advantage of the opening of its gates, and to begin the tasks of the day. At half-past nine a bell gives them permission to go to their breakfast. At one o'clock the same bell dismisses them to their dinner, and at six in the evening it notifies them of the end of their day's work. A stranger passing through neighboring streets, at these hours, would be taken aback by finding himself in the midst of a crowd of women, with clean white caps surmounting every variety of costume that literally fills the thoroughfares from side to side. As the hours of dismissal are known throughout the quarter, and these women are only too glad to buy whatever they need without having to go far out of their way, they are at once accosted by any army of venders of the various eatables which form the dietary of the Paris Ouvrier. Hucksters assail them at every step with vociferous offers of their wares; and the contents of hand carts and panniers are speedily transferred to the little baskets and reticules with which every woman is provided. The shops, too, which have displayed their temptations with especial reference to the passage of this swarm of customers, look upon them with affectionate desires generally satisfied. In fact, the streets about the manufactory look almost like a fair on these occasions; and to see the interminable stream of women issuing from its great gates, is really worth a visit into its neighborhood.

The buildings of the manufactory, which include a handsome residence for the director, are open to the public three days in the week. Taking advantage of this arrangement, we present ourselves at the lofty entrance-gates upon the quay, and are inducted by the porter into a vast room—half counting-house and half warehouse, where, having received, and duly responded to, the polite salutations of an elderly gentleman in a round velvet cap and spectacles—we are by him turned over to a subordinate in a cool suit of brown linen, whose pale, wiry face is set off with an ample allowance of whiskers and moustache, and under whose auspices we begin our march through the building.

Passing through various long, lofty rooms, lined with great arched windows, and filled with boxes, bales, and heaps of tobacco, we cross the large interior court round which the manufactory is built, to the engine-room, where two magnificent steam-engines by Holcroft, of 140 horse power each, communicate motion to the variety of machinery above. The floor of this room, the stairs, rails, &c., are of iron; and the scrupulous cleanness and neatness displayed in all its details augur well of the completeness of the arrangements to which we are about to be introduced. Each engine has one attendant, very slightly burdened with clothing. Ascending two stairs to the story above, we find ourselves in a long hall, furnished with a row of 11 chopping machines, fed from behind by men who shovel the prepared tobacco-leaves into oscillating funnels, through which they pass, between double bands of canvass, into the choppers, which they reach in a highly compressed state. Here the compact mass of tobacco, previously prepared by washing, drying, and fermentation, is rapidly shaved into the thread-like substance used for smoking. As the latter drops from the jaws of the choppers, it falls into receptacles, whence it is forced off by an endless screw into the halls appropriated to the operation of drying.—Thence it passes into other halls where it is weighed, packed, and labelled with almost equal expedition. These choppers, which are filled four times a day, turn out each 1,000 kilogrammes daily; as the labor of one is lost daily by necessary stoppage for cleaning, the average production in this department is 13,000 kilos daily; the French kilogramme being about equal to 2¼ lbs. English weight.

The next room contains about sixty snuff-mills, fed from above through the canvas gullets; a main horizontal shaft, a foot in diameter, turns as many eccentrics as there are mills, communicating by straps with levers that give the perpendicular mill shafts an alternate circular motion. The tobacco is thus ground by the action of the perpendicular steel blades attached to the mill-shaft and the socket in which it rotates. The produce falls upon a broad canvas strap moving horizontally upon rollers, and is thus carried to four vast sieves where the snuff is sifted, and falls into troughs below, the coarser snuff being rejected, and transported to a pit, whence a bucket engine carries it to the third story, where it is returned to the mills by means of funnels communicating with the gullets by which these are fed. The snuff thus prepared (after the leaves from which it is produced have been steeped in salt and water, and then left to ferment for six months in enormous receptacles of which more anon) has still to undergo a further formation of eighteen months, during which natural process it exchanges its dull earthy black hue for the bright reddish brown to which it has given its name, and acquires the peculiar aroma so delightful to certain nostrils, and so abhorred of others.

But what else we saw in this curious establishment, with its immense resources of machinery, labor, and material, must be reserved for my next letter, my pen having already run on to the extent permissible in the present one.

QUANTUM.

BROTHERLY AFFECTION.

In the reign of Queen Anne, a soldier, belonging to the marching regiment which was quartered in the city of Worcester, was taken up for desertion, and, being tried by a court martial, was sentenced to be shot. The Colonel and Lieutenant-Colonel being at the time in London, the command of the regiment descended to the Major, a most cruel and inhuman man. The day on which the deserter was to be executed having arrived, the regiment, as is usual on such occasions, was drawn out to see the execution.

It is the custom on these occasions to draw lots from the several corporals for this disagreeable office: and when every one expected to see these lots as usual, they were surprised to find that the Major had given orders that the prisoner should die by the hands of his own brother, who was only a private in the same company, and who, when the cruel order arrived, was taking leave of his unhappy brother, and with tears fast flowing, that expressed the anguish of his soul, was hanging for the last time about his neck.

On his knees did the poor fellow beg that he might not have a hand in his brother's death; and the poor prisoner, forgetting for the moment his petitions to Heaven, begged to die by any hands than those of his brother. The unrelenting officer, however, could by no means be prevailed on to revoke his cruel sentence, though entreated to do so by every officer in the regiment; on the contrary, he swore that the brother, and he only, should be the executioner, if it were only for example's sake, to make justice appear more terrible. When much time had been wasted in fruitless endeavors to soften the rigor of this inhumin sentence, the prisoner prepared to die, and the brother to be the executioner.

The Major, strict to the maxims of cruelty, stands close to see that the piece was properly loaded; which being done, he directs that the third motion of his cane shall be the signal to fire. Accordingly, at the third motion, the Major, instead of the prisoner, received the bullet through his own head, and fell lifeless to the ground.

The man no sooner discharged the piece, than throwing it on the ground he exclaimed: "He that can give no mercy, no mercy let him receive. Now, I submit; I had rather die this hour for that man's death, than live a thousand years and take away the life of my brother."

No one seemed to be sorry for this unexpected justice on the inhuman Major, and the man being ordered into custody, many gentlemen present, who had been witnesses to the whole affair, joined to entreat the officers to defer the execution of the other brother till the Queen's pleasure should be known.

The request being complied with, the City Chamber that very night drew up a very feeling and pathetic address to her Majesty, setting forth the unparalleled cruelty of the deceased officer, and humbly entreated her Majesty's pardon for both the brothers.

The brothers were pardoned and discharged from the army.

☞ Truth "Well" Told.—The mere contact with truth, it seems to us, would be fatal to some men. Truth is said to "live in the bottom of a well;" and, if they were pitched down after it, their first movement would be to "kick the bucket."

☞ Fashionable Women.—Read the biographies of our great and good men and women—not one of them had a fashionable mother. They nearly all sprung from plain, strong-minded women, who had about as little to do with the fashions as with the changing clouds.

☞ The most remarkable case on record is that of the Yankee soap man, who, in a violent storm at sea, saved himself from death by taking a cake of his own soap and *washing himself ashore.*

☞ An exchange notices the marriage of Miss Angelina Braham, a daughter of the great vocalist, and adds—"We congratulate the bridegroom upon his privilege of reposing, even on earth, upon A. Braham's bosom."

☞ The happiest man in the world is the man with just wealth enough to keep him in spirits, and just children enough to make him industrious.

NURSERY RHYMES FOR THE TIMES.

ADAPTED FROM THE ORIGINAL OF MOTHER GOOSE.

Sing a song of specie,
Gotham all awry,
Seven and fifty Bank birds
Knock'd into pi;
When the Banks were open'd
The Cashiers tried to sing,
Wasn't that a pretty dish
To send to Gov'nor King!

The King was up at Albany
Fighting off the brokers,
The Cashiers were in Wall st.,
Working hard as stokers;
Presidents were shinning
Up and down the street,
Out rushed a *Brown* bear
And knocked them off their feet.

Hark! hark! the Banks do bark,
The brokers come to town,
Some with "bags" and some with "rags,"
To hunt the specie down.

There was a man in our town,
Who was so wondrous wise,
He jumped into the Barbary coast,
And drew out his supplies.
And when he got his specie out,
With all his might and main,
He rushed into another bank
And concluded that, all things considered, he might as well deposit it again.

Here we go up, up, up!
Here we go round, round, roundy!
Here we go backwards and forwards,
Here we go down, down, downy!
(*Stock Reports.*)

Ba! ba! Bank sheep, have you any gold!
Yes, marry, have I three bags told;
One for depositors, one for me,
And one for an old chap that lives across the sea!

Note-shaver! Note-shaver!
Fly away home;
Your notes are protested,
Your fingers will burn.

One—two! What shall we do?
Three—Four! Close up the door.
Five—Six! They are coming like bricks,
Seven—Eight! Ask them to wait.
Nine—Ten! Good friends, come again.
Eleven—Twelve! The deposits we'll shelve.
Thirteen—Fourteen! Stop exporting!
Fifteen—sixteen! Ain't we fixed in!
Seventeen—Eighteen! Keep 'em waiting!
Nineteen—Twenty! *Vaults are empty!*

There was a Public had a Bank,
And it had naught to give her,
It paid out its notes, and marked its checks,
And bade the folks consider.

The folks considered very well,
But couldn't get their money,
And bade them play another tune
"Oh! specie-paying's funny!"

Monday night, it shall be the whole care
To say that our Banks are all on the square,
On Tuesday morning the folks will come in,
Never a one of 'em get any tin.

Fifty odd banks were bulled up by the Yorkers
Seventeen times as high as the moon!
When they expected suspension I *don't* know,
But come the smash did, and remarkably soon;
"Yorkers, New Yorkers, New Yorkers," said I,
"Why do you brag so remarkably high?"
"To keep up exchange while we can," they did cry,
"But we'll fall and be with you by-and-by."

There was a Teller who had naught,
And drawers came to spot it;
He stept into the specie vault,
And then they thought they'd got it;
But he crept out the other side,
And then they could not find him;
He ran fourteen miles in fifteen days,
And never looked behind him.

How many days has our note to run?
Saturday, Sunday, Monday.
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,
Saturday, Sunday, Monday.

Pay my check, pay my check, Bankers' man,
No, I can't, master, by any plan;
Then take it, and cross it, and mark it with G,
And then it will do for Tommy and me.

Pretty Director! your Bank let me milk,
I'll give your wife an imported silk!
And a dozen gloves as you shall see,
If you will come down with a discount to me.

Richard and Robin were two pretty men,
They laid abed till the clock struck ten,
Robin starts up and looks at the sky,
To Bank! brother Richard, our specie is dry;
Do you go before with the check and the bag,
And I'll follow after on little Jack nag.

High diddle diddle, remember Nich. Biddle,
The Banks have gone up like balloons;
The Democrats laughed to see the sport,
And the Brokers went in for the spoons.

The wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl—
If the bowl had been stronger
My tale had been longer.

—*Evening Bulletin.*

☞ The annexed is a choice extract from an album kept at the Niagara hotel:—"Next to the bliss of seeing Sarah, is that of seeing Niagara."

☞ We know a very ugly and penurious man who works in his own fields the summer months to save the expense of a scarecrow.

☞ Advertise.—Dull times are perhaps the very best for advertisers. What little trade is going on they get, and whilst others are grumbling, they pay their way, and with the newspaper as a life preserver, swim on the top of the water, while others are sinking all around. Advertise liberally, and you will hardly smell the hard times.

☞ Fame.—An old chap at the State Fair, overhearing some men conversing together about Millard Fillmore's being present, exclaimed—"Fillmore—Fillmore—let's see—what did he do? Wan't he *up for something once?*" We left him trying to think what Fillmore was up for, and mentally exclaimed—"*Sich* is greatness."—*Buffalo Times.*

☞ To be calm and cool in inferior things is better than zeal. "A man of understanding is of an excellent spirit;" in the Hebrew, a *cool* spirit. Injuries do not fret him into a flame; neither does any occurrence heat him into a height of joy, grief, or anger.—*Gurnal.*

☞ The surest way to stop a panic, is to meet it boldly. In the great crisis in London in 1825, when the suspension of the Bank of England had become absolutely inevitable, all danger was averted by one man, who had sense enough to see that nothing but expansion would prevent suspension. The Bank expanded; this confidence begat confidence, and the panic was past. It is a pity that our Bankers had not wisdom or public spirit enough to pursue the same course.

HON. NATHAN APPLETON ON NEW YORK BANKS.

FROM THE BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER OCT. 15TH.

No comments are necessary to introduce the subjoined communication from Hon. Nathan Appleton, to the attention of our readers. The explanation which he gives of the origin of the financial troubles which oppress the community, is both profound and perspicuous. It fixes the seat of the mischief in the true spot, viz.: the banks of the city of New York; and points out the want of an intelligent financial head to control their movements, as the main cause of the policy which has been attended by so many disasters.

THE MONEY CRISIS AND THE NEW YORK BANKS.

Messrs. Editors:—I have for many years been withdrawn from active business. I have been merely a looker-on, but not unobservant of the course of trade, and especially of our banking operations.

Our system of currency is a delicate one. It is founded on bank credits, resting on a very moderate basis of coin. When perfectly balanced, it works very well, but a slight derangement may produce a great deal of mischief.—The great disturbing cause is a demand for specie for export, which can only be checked by a contraction of the bank credits. During the present year we have been going on very smoothly, under full sail, when, about the middle of August, a sudden squall strikes us, which continues to increase to a terrific hurricane, threatening even to swamp the ship itself. The question arises, how comes all this about? what is the cause?

New York is the great central banking power. She sets the key note to the whole country. If she expand, the whole country expands. If she contract, it is felt to the remotest extremities. It is a tremendous power, that of increasing or diminishing the circulating medium of the whole country. It is a deep responsibility, and demands sound discretion and much wisdom in its regulation. Unfortunately, there appears to be no unity of action, no controlling principle, in the management of this power. It is divided between fifty-five banks, each acting its own separate part, under the influence of different opinions and different interests. Banks are public institutions; they are founded for the public good; and the duty of consulting the good of the community in the use of their great power is as sacred as that of providing for their own safety. There is apparently no individual of sufficient influence to bring this heterogeneous mass into unity of action, in a crisis like the present, as was Albert Gallatin, while he lived.

The circulating medium of the city of New York consists in the liabilities of her banks in the form of deposits and circulation. Their daily loans and discounts increase or diminish these liabilities. As these liabilities are greater or less, is money plenty or scarce. They constitute the fund out of which all operations must be performed.

Hunt's Merchant's Magazine contains tables of the weekly returns of the banks of the city of New York for the years 1856 and 1857, which furnish a complete view of their operations. They throw a flood of light on the present state of things. The return of January 3, 1857, shows $104,000,000 of liabilities, with $11,172,000 in specie.

This varied very little from the returns of the preceding six months, and this state of things continued with little change, but with a slight tendency to increased expansion up to the 15th August. The greatest expansion was on the 2nd of May, when the liabilities were $108,000,000, with $12,000,000 of specie. The return of 15th August shows $101,000,000 of liabilities, and $11,360,000 of specie. From this a rapid contraction commenced, the liabilities being reduced, of the 5th September, to $88,000,000, with $10,227,000 of specie. Here the contraction ought to have ceased. The object was to stop the export of specie. That had been done. Exchange on London had fallen below the point at which specie could be shipped without loss. Can any mortal man give me a reason or apology why contraction should continue a day after this point had been reached? The banks were then stronger than they had been for two years. But contraction did continue until, on the 3rd October, the liabilities had been reduced to $76,000,000—thus reducing the circulating medium of New York city, from July, $82,000,000, or upwards of 30 per cent. Tremendous! Was the like ever known in the history of banking? I have no hesitation in saying, it is the continued contraction of the New York banks since the 5th of September, without the slightest necessity, which has brought about the present disastrous crisis.

There was no decided over-trade. There was no speculation, except by a few houses in sugar. There was, no doubt, an excess of imports, but no greater than for several years, and the effect of these was wholly cured on the 5th September, by the rate of exchange on London. Why continue contraction further? Was not $88,000,000, with ten and a-quarter millions of specie, being 11½ per cent. a proportion as $104,000,000 in January, with $11,000,000 of specie, or 11 per cent. on their liabilities?

There is but one answer. The New York banks have been acting under a panic, and that panic they have communicated to others, until there is almost a total loss of confidence. The consequences are before us, in the paralysis of all trade from Bangor to New Orleans, the stoppage of banks through a great part of the United States, the stoppage of factories, the discharge of thousands of laborers, the inability to bring our large crops of produce to market, the ruinous rate of two or three per cent. a month on the strongest paper, a ruinous depreciation in the price of all stocks, and even on exchange on London. In my whole experience I have never known a crisis as severe as the present, and, I must say, so wholly uncalled for.

I was a Bank Director in 1814, when New York and all the States South and West suspended specie payments. Boston had ample means, and stood firm, while many croakers thought it madness for Boston to hold on, when all the rest of the country suspended. She did so, however, and all New England with her, and thus saved them the losses which accompanied the resumption in other States in the terrible revulsion of 1819.

In 1834, Mr. Biddle was flagitiously endeavoring to force Congress to grant him a charter, through the distress he had it in his power to inflict on the country. In March of that year a committee of the merchants and bankers of New York informed him that unless he changed his course, and would agree to their terms, which were that the United States Bank should cease to call on the other banks for thirty days, his course would be denounced at the adjourned meeting of the Exchange.

Mr. Biddle, at the last moment, agreed to their terms, in consequence of which the country was immediately relieved. But Mr. Biddle was reckless enough, when the thirty days expired, without the slightest necessity, to call for these balances, and give the screw another turn.

This produced an intense and unexpected pressure, for it was the New York understanding that Mr. Biddle should not again press them without some show of necessity. This pressure he continued until the adjournment of Congress, in July, when he gave up the chase, and soon after extended the loans of the banks from forty-seven millions to sixty-three millions.

There was nothing in that pressure to be compared in severity to the present. It was wholly owing to the unprincipled action of Mr. Biddle.

The pressure of 1837 was wholly unlike the present. During a period of great over-trade, a few London houses imprudently created an American debt of fifty or sixty millions of dollars, by giving out their acceptances, to be met by other equally fictitious bills as they fell due. These houses fell into discredit, and informed their correspondents in America that the whole debt must be liquidated at once, or they must become bankrupt. This was in March, when no remittances could be made except in specie, which the banks were called upon to furnish. The New York banks went on for something over a month, when they found it impossible to continue. They then suspended, and with them the whole country. There is nothing like it now, as there is no foreign demand for specie.

The question now arises, What is the remedy? what is to be done? Nothing can be plainer. The New York banks must retrace their steps, and that speedily, or it will be too late. They should at once increase the circulating medium by expanding their discounts some ten or fifteen millions of dollars. No other course will set the wheels in motion.

Nathan Appleton.

Boston, Oct. 12, 1857.

P. S. Since the above was written, we have the returns of the banks of New York for another week, showing a further contraction of four millions. The further persistence in a wrong course has produced its natural result. It has frightened the community, until the banks are driven to the desperate remedy of suspension.

TABLE OF THE BANKS IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

1857.	Deposits and Circulation.	Liabilities consisting of Specie.
Jan. 3,	104 millions,	$11,172,000
April 4,	100 do	11,538,000
July 7,	102 do	12,839,000
Aug. 15,	101 do	11,360,000
Do 22,	98 do	10,127,000
Do 29,	93 do	9,201,000
Sept. 5,	89 do	10,227,000
Do 12,	83 do	12,181,000
Do 19,	84 do	13,550,000
Do 26,	81 do	13,327,000
Oct. 3,	76 do	11,400,000
Do 10,	71 do	11,478,000

The circulation varying very little from eight millions, the increase or diminution of discounts is shown in the deposits.

HANDLE THEM CAREFULLY.

A gentleman just returned from a Western county, informs the *Rochester Democrat*, that a little boy, three years of age, in Clarkson, riding upon a load of straw, fell to the ground, and suffered the fracture of a leg and an arm. In Greece, a little boy of the same age, sleeping with his parents, got up in the night. On returning to bed, his father carelessly tossed him into the middle. The child cried out with pain, and would not be pacified. The father, supposing the boy had no occasion for his outcries, punished him. He ceased crying, but continued to sob and moan through the night. In the morning it was discovered that the child's arm was broken. The father was so distressed by this incident, that he was nearly insane. A young mother, residing in this city, visiting her friends in Orleans county, was leading her little girl of three into the house, on Saturday last, and the child, preferring to remain out of doors, hung back. A jerk of the arm by the mother, not intended to do any injury, dislocated the infant's elbow joint. It may be doubted which felt the keenest, the mother or the child. Handle the little ones carefully. A slight wrench may cause a lifelong lameness or distortion.

A few days ago, says the *Philadelphia Bulletin*, we saw a very young child nestled up quietly in its father's arms, the mother walking beside him. Something in the position of the infant did not quite suit her, and without a word of warning, she caught it rudely by the arm, gave it a cruel jerk, and as it burst out crying, remarked, in a bitter tone, "Sit that way again, and I'll beat your head off!" This was a nice style of handling; a pretty way to "prepare an immortal soul" for being amiable in future life! And quite as culpable is neglect, of which enough can be found in by far too great a proportion of families—even systematic neglect on principle. Witness the following from an exchange, which comes handy enough; but it is never difficult to find such instances of inhumanity in the papers:

"A Chicago mother, the other night took the advice of one of her neighbors, and instituted a new discipline for her infant daughter, six weeks of age. She had been troublesome in the evening, fretting and crying as children will do, when the mother was told that if she would put it in its crib in the chamber, and pay no attention to it, it would cry itself to sleep, and after one or two repetitions of this experiment, would be quiet in future. She acted on the new plan, and though driven out of the house by the child's cries, suffered it to remain uncared for till the noise ceased, when, on going up stairs stealthily, that she might not wake it, she found her child—dead! The child died in a fit."

"'TIS A MIRACLE!"

A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF BOLIVAR

When Bolivar, at the head of a few patriots, raised the standard of independence in New Granada, the unfortunate Spanish colonies were already stricken to the heart by the numerous abuses of a deplorable Government.

The arbitrary spirit of the kings of Spain, their insatiable and impolitic cupidity—their narrow-minded spirit, of necessity made of one of the richest countries, from its extraordinary fertility and mineralogical treasures, the most wretched spot in the *New World*.

It would be difficult to conceive to what an extent the kings of Spain, who had succeeded one another since the discovery of America, labored to ruin their possessions beyond the sea. After the peace of Badajos, France alone was permitted to have consuls, or agents, in Spanish America; and, even then, all they did was carefully watched by the double police of the civil and religious authorities. In consideration of all the privileges accorded to the Church during the three last centuries, Bolivar thought that the most formidable army against the independence of New Granada would be that of the priests and monks, if it declared itself against the insurrection. He therefore begged the clergy to remain in a neutral position during the events about to take place, and they consented. The price of this neutrality was, that Bolivar promised to preserve intact all the privileges of the Church, if he triumphed; and, in fact, the heads of the clergy took their seats in the Congress, and were acknowledged as most efficient in all civil and even military employments; they were paid in preference to all other citizens; and the Catholic religion was acknowledged to the exclusion of every other form of faith.

The circumstance we are about to relate occurred in the commencement of 1823, Bolivar, at the head of an army of four or five thousand volunteers, marched towards Caracas, his native town, which he was about to deliver from the Spanish yoke. The minds of all were exasperated by the savage acts of the governor, Monteverde, and the commanding officer, Suosola. The affair of Aragua, above all, filled every heart with the deepest indignation against the army of the Royalists.

Suosola had entered, as a friend, with the troops of the Spanish Government, the little town of Aragua, and the townsfolk wished to *fete* in celebration of his entrance. He ordered public rejoicings, and after a religious procession, the indispensable prelude to every *fete* in New Granada, he ordered a review of his troops to take place. The inhabitants swarmed, and, completely reassured of the friendly deportment of the Spanish, rushed to accept Suosola's invitation. All went on perfectly well at first, and the people, filled with gratitude because its good government was not doing any injury, cried, with enthusiasm:

"Long live Ferdinand VII.!—Long live Suosola!"

This latter replied by charming and gracious smiles, and then gave an order to his soldiers to surround the place, and cut off the ears of all present, without distinction of sex or age. Several large baskets were brought, which were filled with the ears cut off, and sent to the governor, Monteverde. The governor saw, in this original present from his commander-in-chief, a pledge of his fidelity to the good royalist cause. Monteverde wrote as much to Suosola, who, enchanted by the approbation of his superior, cut off many more ears, and made cockades of them. The example found imitators in the army, and the soldiers would henceforth wear no cockades but those made with ears. It became a fashion, and wherever the Spanish army passed, the inhabitants' ears were cut off to ornament the soldiers' shakos.

This monstrous act served the projects of Bolivar by exasperating the Americans against the Spanish Government. The taking of Caracas was the consequence. At a little distance from the plain where the chief of the Independents was encamped, some days before the taking of Caracas, was a hillock, of double celebrity, on account of a spring of warm water, and of the miracles performed by a celebrated virgin, whom they entitled the Virgin of the Hot Water. Numerous pilgrims came from all parts to implore her protection, offering costly presents. Consequently the chapel was full of precious objects. The reputation of this Madonna had extended far beyond the seas. In fact, a king of Spain being ill, came like a poor commoner to the Virgin d'*Aqua Caliente*, and sent her a magnificent golden crown out of gratitude for his restoration to health. This gift gave occasion to a solemn ceremony, when the crown was placed on the head of the Virgin of Miracles, whose renown was much augmented by such an event.

Nevertheless, nothing had changed in the camp of Bolivar since the arrival of the Independents near Caracas. The Liberator of Columbia, as was usual with him, had just settled the pay due to his troops (who were crying out for food and clothing), by reading them a fresh proclamation. It was thus that for a length of time, in consequence of the difficulties of his position, he acquitted his debts towards the brave volunteers who composed his army. A singular army it was. Those soldiers who possessed a uniform complete, formed a select corps, and marched in the front ranks; the solders who had shoes, trowsers and hats, but no coats, formed a very respectable body after the first-named, and marched in the second rank; those who had shoes and trowsers, but no hats or coats, composed the third rank; those with trowsers, but possessing no other article of uniform, marched in the fourth rank; in short, the more unfortunate and lightly clad still were lost sight of in the crowd of the last ranks. Bolivar had just finished editing beforehand a last proclamation—which was to liquidate the pay of the next month, when it should be due—when they came and told him that a stranger wished to speak to him.

This stranger was Juan Rodrigues Ceballos Mardines d'Alfandiga, Grand Vicar of the Archbishop of Caracas.

Bolivar's countenance became thoughtful; he felt that the Archbishop of Caracas would not derange his Grand Vicar to bring him good tidings.

The Father Don Juan Rodrigues Ceballos Mardines d'Alfandiga was a stout man of about forty, of a narrow mind, having received a very incomplete education. He had risen rapidly to the post which he occupied, thanks to his jovial temper and conciliating humor, and thanks, too, to his rotundity of figure, which made him very sympathizing with worldly infirmities.

When Bolivar entered the tent where the Grand Vicar awaited him, he found him just finishing a cigarette, smoking being a habit with all then, even the ladies.

Don Juan d'Alfandiga offered his hand to Bolivar, according to custom, which the other respectfully kissed.

"I have come about a very serious affair," said the Grand Vicar, with a joyous countenance and a tranquil tone of voice, sadly in disaccord with the words he uttered. He continued: "An odious and sacrilegious theft has been committed within the last few days in the Chapel *Aqua Caliente* by one of your soldiers."

"How so—is it possible, my lord?"

"A brigadier of your army, one of those who have shoes and trowsers, but no coats."

"The first rank after the select corps!" exclaimed Bolivar.

"Yes, one of your brigadiers, in short, of the first rank after the select corps, entered the chapel, and dared to carry off the massive golden crown from the head of the glorious Virgin of Miracles."

"Assuredly 'tis a great crime," replied Bolivar, "but is your lordship certain that you are not mistaken?"

"I am never mistaken; his name is Pedro Francisco—he is thirty-one, and a native of Bogota."

"The bravest of my soldiers!" thought Bolivar, frowning. "The unhappy wretch! he is lost!" Then quickly suppressing this involuntary movement, he added: "And what must I do, my lord, to satisfy your justice?"

"You must first," answered the Grand Vicar, "make the criminal restore the precious relic, or, at all events, the pieces which he may still have in his possession; then, when we have obtained that result, we must, to make an example, try, and shoot him."

"What you require, my lord, is quite right."

"In so serious an affair," continued the Grand Vicar, "his lordship, the archbishop, thought, that to make the example more salutary, it would be better for him to come here himself, in the midst of the camp, and preside over the tribunal which is to judge the criminal. To-morrow, therefore, at twelve o'clock, his lordship and I will be here, if you see nothing to prevent it."

There was nothing for it but resignation. When Bolivar returned to his tent, he began to reflect on the deplorable effect of the condemnation and execution of one of his soldiers on the eve of the decisive blow he was about striking. Francisco was much beloved by his comrades; he was the most intrepid soldier in the army, and, without excusing him, Bolivar found, in the poverty of his soldiers, who were fed on little else but proclamations, an extenuating circumstance in favor of those who allowed themselves to be tempted by the sight of gold. Bolivar would fain have saved the brigadier, but he durst not refuse the archbishop justice, still less could he declare open war against him. In a fit of anger, which he took no pains to disguise, the general summoned the brigadier before him.

"So here you are!" cried Bolivar, in a voice of thunder; "thief, hang-dog brigand! Sit down there; we have something to say to one another."

Without uttering a word, the brigadier seated himself on the extreme edge of a wooden bench.

"'Tis you, wretch!" continued Bolivar, "who have not hesitated before committing the most shameful sacrilege, in robbing the holy Madonna d'Aqua Caliente. Well, then, you will be shot! Do you hear?"

The brigadier still kept silence.

"Double fool that you are!" burst from Bolivar. "You thought, doubtless, that the archbishop would allow himself to be thus outrageously robbed, in the person of the Madonna, without taking the necessary steps to discover the guilty party, and that the criminal would escape punishment?"

"I do not deny my fault, general, and I am resigned to all."

"A pretty resignation, forsooth! and a pretty death for a soldier of the Independence, and that at a moment when you knew how useful you could be to me in the taking of Caracas! I thought you more my friend, Francisco, and I think that, out of delicacy to me, you might have waited till the assault was over, at least."

"I'll expiate my fault by dying like a man!"

"Gracious Heavens! I never prevented your dying whenever your death might have served some purpose. Die whenever you please, but in the good cause!"

"My poor old mother!" uttered the soldier.

"By my faith! 'tis high time to deal in sentiment. I think the memory of your mother, which ought only to have inspired you with good ideas, comes rather late."

"Alas! 'twas for her only I committed the crime—for her alone I shall die."

"What the devil are you talking about?"

"A simple truth, general. My mother, since the affair of cutting off of ears in Aragua, has been perishing of misery and sickness, and no one to help her—she has me alone on earth; and my general knows that for some time past money is scarce in the army of the Independents."

"Well, well; pass over those details."

"Some days since I entered the Chapel of the Virgin, to pray the Madonna to aid my poor mother! I prayed to her on my knees, bowed down to the earth, and with all the energy of my soul: 'Oh! holy Virgin!' I cried, 'do not let my poor mother die for want of a little gold!' And then, my brain troubled, my heart bursting, the fatal thought took possession of me, to seize the crown of the Madonna, which I sent to my mother to relieve her distress."

This frank recital made a deep impression upon Bolivar; he would have given much to save the brigadier, but he knew the inflexible severity of the archbishop. Suddenly the expression of his countenance changed, and a smile of malicious satisfaction curled his lips.

"What you tell me, Francisco," he said, in a severe tone, "cannot justify your conduct; and if I pity you from the bottom of my heart as a man, I cannot absolve you from guilt as your judge; all I can promise you is, to soften your punishment in consideration of your good sentiments and repentance; you shall be shot the moment the trial is over, that you may not have long to languish. But I impose a condition for my kindness. 'Tis this, that you reply in the affirmative to all my questions before the tribunal."

"Nevertheless General—"

"I'll not be trifled with, *morbleu!* you know I dislike observations."

"Yes, general."

"Come, then, 'tis settled; now go till to-morrow."

"Yes, general."

Next day Bolivar probably wrote some other nutritive proclamation, after which he breakfasted, then dressed himself in full regimentals, ordered the construction of a stage for the judges, bade his staff be ready by twelve o'clock, and awaited with much uneasiness, the arrival of the archbishop.

Exactly at twelve a blast of trumpets announced the arrival in the camp of the Archbishop of Caracas, his Grand Vicar, and a suite composed of a black Capuchin, a sandalled Carmelite, a Benedictine, and a monk of the rich order of Begging Brothers.

Bolivar hastened to meet the pious procession, and respectfully kissed the archbishop's hand.

"All is ready, my lord, but his excellency will excuse me, I trust, if it has been impossible for me to receive him in a manner more worthy of him."

"The tribunal of a day cannot be fitted up like that of the Inquisition at Caracas," said the Grand Vicar, "where, Heaven be thanked! nothing is wanting for the judges or the accused."

The procession having arrived in Bolivar's tent, where the stage had been erected, the archbishop seated himself in the chair of honor; the Grand Vicar on the archbishop's left hand, and Bolivar chose a place on the opposite side. The black Capuchin, the sandalled Carmelite, the Benedictine, and the begging monk, were installed on a bench near the Grand Vicar, and the general's staff sat opposite the brotherhood. In the middle of this hedge of spectators, was a little bench on which sat the accused.

Bolivar opened the proceedings.

"Accused, you know the odious crime imputed to you?"

"Yes, general."

"This crime entails capital punishment upon you, and the tribunal, I have full confidence, will show itself inflexible against an act which makes every upright, honest heart heave with indignation."

At these words, the archbishop turned towards Bolivar, and gave him a nod of approbation.

"Do you admit," continued Bolivar, following up the interrogatory, "having penetrated into the Chapel d'*Aqua Caliente* the day the crown disappeared?"

"Yes, general."

"Do you admit having had that crown in your possession?"

"Yes, general."

"Is it true, brigadier, as the witnesses affirm, that you sent the crown belonging to the Madonna, to your mother, who is, they say, poor and infirm?"

"Yes, general."

"Is it true that you prayed to the Madonna on entering the chapel?"

"Yes, general."

"Is it true that a strange emotion seized upon you at the sight of her?"

"Yes, general."

"Have you unbounded faith in the inexhaustible goodness of the Madonna?"

"Yes, general."

"Do you believe that none ever solicited her in vain?"

"Yes, general."

"Do you believe in her power?"

"Yes, general."

"Is it true that after your invocation addressed to her, her face became illuminated as if 'by a ray of the setting sun?'"

"Yes, general."

"Did you feel that that was a sign of Divine intervention, and a mysterious notice in your favor?"

"Yes, general."

"That's not all; you said, so it has been reported to me, that you thought you saw the Madonna smile upon you, and, taking the crown from her own head, say, holding it towards you—'Take it; I give it to you for your old mother!' Dare you persist in this assertion, which would be prodigious, but which, nevertheless, would be nothing extraordinary nor impossible on the part of a Madonna whose miracles are so numerous? Dare you persist in this assertion?"

"Yes, general."

At this unexpected affirmation, there was a moment of hesitation in the audience; Bolivar's officers whispered among themselves; and the brotherhood, moved by the same thought, attentively observed the archbishop.

"By my faith," cried Bolivar, to put an end to all uncertainty, "'tis one more miracle, that's all!"

"In truth," said the Grand Vicar, simply, "it is very like one."

"It is one!" exclaimed all the officers, on a sign from the general.

During this time, the archbishop kept silence; he frowned and glanced around the auditory, seemingly a prey to some internal combat. At last he spoke—

"So be it!" said he, with a sigh, "'tis a miracle!"

"'Tis a miracle!" repeated all the brotherhood, clasping their hands, and looking up to Heaven.

"Yes," said the archbishop, slowly, at the same time gently caressing his chin, like a man seeking an issue out of a difficult position, "yes, 'tis a miracle. We will found a ceremony in commemorstion, and the produce of the collection shall be employed to purchase another crown for the Madonna!"

"You have heard, Pedro Francisco," said Bolivar, whose countenance, though serious, betrayed a secret joy, "the tribunal to a man acknowledges your innocence. Human justice must bow down before the will of Heaven. Go in peace, and continue to merit the esteem of your companions and the favor of Heaven, by proving, as you have hitherto done, a good soldier, a good Catholic, and a good son!"

The accused rose, and, bowing to his judges, was about to depart. As he was passing the threshold, the archbishop, who had never ceased caressing his chin mechanically, called him back.

"An instant, brigadier! Come back here; I have something more to say to you!"

"I am at your service, my lord," answered Francisco, returning.

"Listen well to what I am about to say, and don't forget it. It is to your interest, believe me. If ever a saint, no matter which, again offers you anything, refuse it! The saints don't like always to be taken at their word, and it is a proof of good taste to refuse them in such a case. You must not impose on their generosity; it will get you into trouble another time."

WHEN MY SHIP COMES HOME FROM SEA.

If my ship that's out at sea
Ever safely gets to me,
  Josie dear,
A grand lady you shall be;
And then, wife, we will see
Those that scorned you so to-day,
Drove you harshly from their way—
Bow the head, and e'en the knee,
  To you and me,
When my ship comes home from sea!

Stir the fire, Josie dear,
  Throw the last stick on the blaze;
Light up with that smile of yours
  Those long talked-of better days;
Rest awhile that weary hand,
  And come sit beside my knee,
While we talk of scenes so grand
  When my ship comes home from sea!

You shall dress in silken robes,
  Trimmed with lace rich and fine,
And the brightest, rarest gems
  Shall upon your bosom shine;
And our house shall be as grand
  As the Duke's upon the square,
And the princes of the land
  Shall kneel low and call you fair.
I am sure all this will be,
  When my ship comes home from sea!

Then, those ladies that to-day
  Cast their scorn full in your face,
Drove you harshly from their way,
  Will discover every grace
That I've known and loved so long,
And will weave it into song:
The sweet story of your eyes,
Your meek, dove-like, woman's eyes,
And your hair so soft and brown,
In rich masses falling down,
  And your fairy hands and feet.
  But, wife dear,
It does seem so queer to me,
That to-day—this very day—
  When they met you in the street,
They were all too blind to see
Beauty in your sweetest face,
  And did call you coarse and old.
But never mind it, Josie dear,
  You can buy your praise with gold;
They will crowd to make you free
When my ship comes home from sea!

Bear their scorn a little longer,
  Josie dear,
It will make your heart the stronger;
And believe, now, what I say,
You'll have friends enough some day,
More than you can love or trust;
But your heart will be no kinder,
Wife, than it is to-night,
Nor your soft eyes more love-bright;
And I don't believe you'll be
  Any happier, nay better,
  Any dearer unto me,
When my ship comes home from sea!

DIVINATION.—The following piece of conjuring was communicated to me by a friend. It is so very simple to those who are fit to see the *rationale* that I shall not explain it, in order that the adepts may have the use of it. The person who is to be astonished is directed to think of one of the numbers, 1, 2———9 and put it by. He is then told to write down any number he pleases, no matter of how many figures, to write down a number made of the same figures in another order, and to subtract the less from the greater. Suppose he thinks of 17629738, and proceeds as follows:—

17629738
93758172

76138434

He is then told to take the number of letters in his father's and mother's Christian names, and in the name of one of the apostles, and to add them together; to multiply this number by 4, the inverted number by 5, and to add to both of these put together the number he first thought of. Say William Henry, Jane, Peter, 21 letters in all, 12 when inverted; 4 times 21 is 84, 5 times 12 is 60, and 8 being the number thought of, 84, 60, 8, make 152. This 1, 5, 2 he is to mix up with the 7, 6, 1, &c., above in any order he pleases, and to give the list to the conjuror. Say he gives

31182457364.

All this he has done in private. The conjuror sees nothing but this list of figures, and tells him immediately that the figure he thought of was 8.—*Notes and Queries.*

Can any reader of THE POST explain how it is done?—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*

TRUTHFULNESS.—Of all happy households, that is the happiest where falsehood is never thought of. All peace is broken up when it happens that there is a liar in the house. All comfort has gone when suspicion has once entered—when there must be a reserve in talk and reservation in belief. Anxious parents, who are aware of the pains of suspicion, will place general confidence in their children, and receive what they say freely, unless there is strong reason to distrust the truth of any. If such an occasion should unhappily arise, they must keep the suspicion from spreading as long as possible, and avoid disgracing their poor child while there is a chance of its cure by their confidential assistance. He should have their pity and assiduous help, as if he were suffering under some disgusting bodily disorder. If he can be cured he will become truly grateful for the treatment. If the endeavor fail, means must of course be taken to prevent his example from doing harm; and then, as I said, the family peace is broken up, because the family confidence is gone.

AN OLD COIN.—A wealthy Israelite living near Selma, Arkansas, has in his possession a silver shekel struck in the mint of Judea, 1750 years ago. It is about the size of a half-dollar, but the silver is so impure that its intrinsic value is but fifteen cents. The owner would hardly part with the relic for as many hundred dollars. It has been in his family 560 years.

THE MOON'S INFLUENCE.

The *London Athenæum* says:—The belief in the lunar influence is of all countries and all times. It extends beyond the belief in monthly periods. We will recall a circumstance connected with our own columns as far back as 1849.

Our readers will remember, that in December, 1848, Dr. Forster, of Bruges, announced to the Astronomical Society, that in weather journals kept by his grandfather, his father, and himself, from 1767, downwards, whenever the new moon fell on a *Saturday*, the following twenty days were wet and windy. The Society published this; and we expressed our approbation of their having done so, not having any idea that the statement had ever been made before. Our correspondents, soon let us know that the Saturday moon had this character even in popular rhymes, that it is widely believed in among seamen, English, French, Spanish, and even Chinese. We referred the question to the Saturday new moon of March, 1849, which was then coming on, and this moon rather favored the theory; for after dry weather a little snow fell on the Saturday, and the few following days were lowering and rather wet. Now here is a curious circumstance: the whole world has the notion widely scattered, that a Saturday moon brings wet weather, and science has hardly the means of being positive in the negative. And this is only one such case; curious effects of the moon are in the popular belief by scores, and there is no refutation, except *a priori*—that is, no refutation at all.

Every 29½ days is divided into two periods, one of which has many times as much moonlight as the other. That the moonlight must have a great deal of heat when it leaves the moon is highly probable; that it has none when it reaches the surface of the earth is certain. What then becomes of all the heat which it seems almost certain the moonlight brings with it? Sir John Herschel thinks that it is absorbed in the upper regions of our atmosphere; and that some probability is given to this supposition by the tendency to disappearance of clouds under the full moon; a fact observed by himself without knowledge of its having been noticed by any one else, and which Humboldt, he afterwards found, speaks of as well known to the pilots and seamen of Spanish America. If this theory be correct, there is a cause of weather cycles which must produce *some* effect; an enormous quantity of heat poured into the atmosphere during one half of the lunar month, and a very small quantity during the other half. In truth, it has been ascertained that the quantities of rain which fall in the four quarters of the moon are not quite the same in the long run.

But the popular mind gets hold of the question in a different way. It seizes upon the geometrical phenomena of the moon, nothingness, halfness, fullness, and makes the moments of these appearances the times at or very near which change of weather is to take place. According to the recognized old notions, it is enough if a change of weather takes place within three days one way or the other of a change, which gives twenty days every month in which a change is set down to the moon. No wonder this theory is often confirmed. The whole question of moonlight—not position of the moon—both as to its effects on the weather and its asserted effects on vegetable and animal life, is in the earliest infancy, so far as systematic observation is concerned.

BABY RHYMES.

Yes, it *is* the sweetest baby,
  Pretty little blue-eyed Bell;
In her cheeks the deepest dimples,
  In her smile the softest spell;
Papa takes the "pwecious tweasure,"
  Just as it begins to coo,
And in tenderest accents asks it,
  "Love me darling? say you do?"

Six months now has baby gladdened
  All the household with her glee—
'Twas 'mid snow she came among us,
  Type of angel purity;
Oh, you pwettiest rosy posy,
  What shall we compare to you?
Then we ask her mother's question,
  "Love me, blue-bell? say you do?"

Uncle, auntie, and dear granny,
  Each contend for baby's laugh—
While the fascinated stranger
  Asks us for her photograph;
Meantime what says baby dumpling?
  "Googlegiltrugglegoogleglooi!"
This she answers to the query,
  "Love me, beartiewee? say you do!"

All good angels wait on baby!
  Be her path with roses strewed,
Brightly fall the sunshine round her
  As she grows to womanhood,—
May her cheeks retain their dimples,
  And her eyes be just as blue,
When some manly voice shall whisper,
  "Love me, dearest? say you do!"

AN ADVENTURE IN NEW ZEALAND.—The scene is Auckland, in New Zealand, and the *dramatis personæ* are the cannibal New Zealanders. One day, having been led by curiosity to visit the market, and in consequence of the heat having suffered my shawl to slip from my shoulders, I met with the following adventure: A Maori drew near, and with sparkling eyes and fascinating smile took my arm between his arm and fore-finger, while he distinctly pronounced the word *makai*, which word was re-echoed by the surrounding crowd with evident symptoms of approbation. The man appeared to be some sort of chief; he wore, besides his mantle and dangling fringes, an old regimental cap, a stiff shirt collar, and spurs upon his naked heels. He was accompanied by a kind of side-de-camp, who was attired in a European coat sleeve which reached from the waist to the elbow of one arm. Perceiving my bearers laugh heartily at the compliment which had been paid me, I inquired the meaning of the word *makai*. "Very good," was the reply. "But how can they tell whether I am good or otherwise?"—"Oh, very easily. The man of the cap, collar, and spurs means his compliment to be taken *as physique*, not *as moral*, as with us." "I understand; he means to insinuate that my appearance pleases him." "Not exactly that either—the fellow wishes to imply that you are young, plump and tender—in a word just fit to be eaten!" I must own that a cold shiver seized me from head to foot, and that I no longer sought to prolong this hazardous promenade among the cannibal Maoris.—*Mad. Trocanni's Journal.*

GLAS-EN-GLORA.*

'Tis sweet, in midnight solitude,
When the voice of man lies hush'd, subdued,
To hear thy mountain voice so rude
  Break silence, *Glas-en-glora!*

I love to see thy foaming stream
Dash sparkling in the bright moonbeam:
For then of happier days I dream,
  Spent near thee, *Glas-en-glora!*

I see the holly and the yew
Still shading thee, as then they grew;
But there's a form meets not my view,
  As once, near *Glas-en-glora!*

Thou gaily, brightly, sparkl'st on,
Wreathing thy dimples round each stone;
But the bright eye that on thee shone
  Lies quench'd, wild *Glas-en-glora!*

Still rush thee on, thou brawling brook;
Though on broad rivers I may look
In other lands, thy lonesome nook
  I'll think on, *Glas-en-glora!*

When I am low, laid in the grave,
Thou still wilt sparkle, dash and rave
  eaward, 'till thou becom'st a wave
  Of ocean, *Glas-en-glora!*

Thy course and mine alike have been,
Both restless, rocky, seldom green;
There rolls for me, beyond the scene,
  An ocean, *Glas-en-glora!*

And when my span of life's gone by,
Oh! if past spirits back can fly,
I'll often ride the night-wind's sigh
  That's breathed o'er *Glas-en-glora!*

* A mountain torrent, which finds its way into the Atlantic Ocean through Glengariff in the west of the county of Cork. The name, literally translated, signifies "the noisy green water."

A ROYAL POISONER; THE TABLES TURNED.—The following story is related in *Raiks's Journal* of the Queen of Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, who was deposed by a conspiracy in 1809. The Hereditary Prince was the son of Bernadotte, and is now King of Sweden:—"The Queen did the honors with great seeming affability, and played a rubber of whist with the Hereditary Prince and the Ambassadors of England and Russia. After cards tea was served with a magnificent plateau prepared for the Queen and the Prince. The Queen advanced, and poured out the tea into two cups, indicating one to the Prince, who, just as he was in the act of taking it, suddenly felt the pressure of a thumb on his shoulder forcibly and significant enough to convince him that it was meant for a warning, the purport of which as quickly flashed upon his senses. With considerable presence of mind he immediately exclaimed, 'Ah, madam, it is impossible that I can permit your majesty to serve me!' and, seizing the plateau, turned it round adroitly in such a manner that the cup which was intended for him, was placed before the Queen, and the other before himself. The Queen turned mortally pale; and Charles John watched the event with anxiety, still uncertain whether his suspicions were well grounded. Was she about to confess her crime? No! she quickly recovers, takes the cup, makes a smiling salutation to the Prince, and drinks up the contents to the last drop. On the following day the *Gazette* of Stockholm contained the following short paragraph: 'The Queen Dorothea died suddenly during the night, and the cause of her death was generally imputed to apoplexy.' This happened in 1818."

EXTRAVAGANCE IN THE OLDEN TIME.—A very aged member of the police department, who still retains, in a wonderful degree, the recollections of boyhood, states that in 1798, the women wore hoops, but not as at present, conformable more or less to the figure. Then each wore a single hoop, and this was as large as the lower one now worn. The hoop was worn as high as the hips, and below it depended train, often five or six yards long, that swept the sidewalk, or was carried by waiting maids or boys. The old gentleman recollects seeing Mrs. Morris of Philadelphia, walk along Broadway, in company with Aaron Burr, while her train was borne by six remarkably handsome French mustee women, richly dressed, and with showy turbans on their heads. The women al wore stays, and shoes with heels two or three inches high, immense silver buckles being o the shoes. Silk dresses were not then common, and those muslin ones worn were admired according to the size of the flowers on them, roses as large as one's hat being considered the *ne plus ultra* of fashionable display and taste.

WHAT THEY WILL DO.—To preserve their beauty the ladies will sometimes do queer things. Lola Montez tells of an English lady who had bran poultices on her face every ni and baked her face, neck, and arms, before oven five hours each day; and some of the men of Paris were in the habit of wearing sli of raw beef upon their cheeks at night, to gi freshness and purity to the complexion. But what a sight it would be for their lovers to detect them in such a guise. In Spain some men had tight bandages on their feet beneath their stockings, to make their feet small; and slept with their hands tied up to pullies, that the blood might not flow freely, and so hands be kept soft and white.

HONESTY.—According to the old pro honesty is the best policy; it is simple a innocent, like a true story or narrative, n and easy, that needs no defence. He th in his actions deals plainly, gains such a reputation, that persons both believe him, and believe well of him; and he therefore meets with many friends and cheerful assistances, whereas those that have used great artifices to deceive and undermine are soon found out, and seldom trusted. "Once a knave and always suspected."

AIR AND EXERCISE.—A young man should walk in the open air six miles every day. A young woman three or four. When still, we use 500 cubic inches of air in a minute. If we walk at the rate of one mile an hour, 800; miles an hour, 1,000; three miles an ho 1,600; four miles an hour, 2,300. If we run a six miles an hour, 3,000; trotting a horse 1,750; cantering, 1,500.—*Dr. Radclyffe Hall.*

☞ WORK FOR THE DAY BEFORE DEATH. Rabbi Eliezer said, "Turn to God one day fore your death." His disciples said, "He can a man know the day of his death?" answered them, "Therefore you should turn God TO-DAY. Perhaps you may die *to-morrow* thus, every day will be employed in turning Him."

GUY DE MAYNE.

BY SUSAN ARCHER TALLEY.

From the lofty niche within the wall,
Here, in the dusky, time-worn hall—
Here, away in a foreign land—
Thou lookest downward, calm and grave,
With corselet bright, and helm, and glaive,
And a single gem on thy hand;
And glancing up, by the firelight's flame,
In ancient cyphers, dim with age,
Such as cumber a missal's page—
Quaintly gilt on the ebon frame,
Slowly again I read thy name—
"Guy de Mayne!"

I know it not, nor who thou wert—
It is not told in tradition's page—
Nor yet thy lineage nor degree,
Nor what thy history may be;—
All alike are unknown to me—
Records they of another age.
Yet while thy race hath seen decay,
And their very name hath passed away—
For power is fleeting, and wealth is vain,—
Upon thy face I look to-day,
Gleaming here in the fire-light's ray
As to those ages passed away,—
And musingly read o'er again,
"Guy de Mayne!"

Methinks that never a warrior's soul
Hath looked with a prouder gaze than thine;—
That never a poet's brow hath worn
So deep a sadness, so still a scorn,
As from those eyes outshine:
And thy brow is fair as the winter snow,
Though the bearded face be bronzed below—
Scarred and bronzed to a tawny stain;
Telling in record plain and true
Of many a toil thou hast passed through—
Of storm and battle, of sun and rain;
For sure am I by that corselet bright,
And those haughty eyes' unclouded light,
Thou wert no dainty carpet knight,
"Guy de Mayne!"

I would that those silent lips might tell
The deeds of daring thy hand hath done—
That I might read in those earnest eyes
Where now the spirit in stillness lies,
How fierce the fury that in them shone
When thou went rushing to battle on—
Waving on high the gleaming brand,
Saxon and Norman, hand to hand!
Methinks e'en I could danger dare
And forth to battle as fearless ride,
Were I some dame of the olden time,
And thou a brother by my side,
"Guy de Mayne!"

And when thou did'st a-wooing go,
I know the change upon that face—
The gallant mien, the knightly grace,
The softened accents, breathing low,
And did'st thou wed some lady fair,
Or prove her falsehood's evil power?
Or fall in the flush of young renown,
Or die in peaceful bower?
'Tis fancy all and idle thought,
And well I know such dreams are vain—
Yet in my heart, and in my brain,
Where many a waking dream is wrought,—
That warrior mien and poet glance
Have woven a spell of strange romance;
And many an hour, when all alone
I muse beside the broad hearth stone,
I upward glance and start to see
That form of knightly chivalry;—
Then turning, murmur with a sigh,
"Oh, for the glorious days gone by!—
The proud and stirring days of old!
When knights were brave, and ladies fair,
And hearts and hands were strong to dare—
As in the olden records told;
That they and thou might come again,
"Guy de Mayne!"

THE

HAUGH AND THE UPLANDS.

A VILLAGE TALE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ANNA BLACKWELL.

In one of the southern counties of merry England—no matter in which—is the pretty village of West Newington.

I have my own reasons for not divulging its exact situation upon the map; but I should not wonder if its whereabouts were guessed by some of my readers who have travelled through that part of the country. For they may happen to remember how pleasantly it stands upon a gentle slope that seems to have been left behind by the gradually receding sea;—the range of low hills that screen it on the north and east, crowned with a fine bit of ruin that dates from some very ancient time indeed;—the quiet stream upon its western border, fringed with dwarf willows and alders, and gliding slowly on beneath the plantations of Southwood Park;—and the wide expanse of glittering waters, fading gradually into dimness, on its southern horizon. Nor will they have forgotten its quaint old church of gray stone—half-covered with ivy—peeping out from a grove of secular elms and yews in the middle of the village.

Like most of the rural parishes in that part of the country, West Newington contains a few substantial farms, and a numerous cluster of laborers' cottages. The former—lying a little back from the road which forms the main street of the village—are of no great extent, but of rich land and well-cultivated, and much given to the raising of sheep. The latter—low, whitewashed dwellings, with a profusion of roses, honeysuckles, and Virgin's Bower climbing over their eaves—are dotted down irregularly on either side of the road which forms the main street of the village, each in its own little garden-patch; these gardens being stuck as full as they can hold of marigolds, cabbages, cabbage-roses, and currant bushes, with narrow strips of grass paths between the beds, and bee-hives, whose thatch is generally as discolored and weather-beaten as that of the cottages themselves, nestling cosily under the sunny sides of their hedges.

Venerable trees—stately, spreading, and shadowy—line the whole length of the village, arching their verdant arms, here and there, all across the road. Pleasant meadows environ it, and merge, at either end, in a wide stretch of common, through which winds the long, white line of the public highway. This common—as also the broad, black pool on its margin, gleaming, or rather gloaming, in the shade of the trees on a hot summer day, into which little stream before-mentioned here widens itself beneath the woods of the Park—is occupied by countless armies of geese, an occasional squad of sheep, and a rare sprinkling of cattle.

There is no railway within ten miles of West Newington. The coach that runs, three days the week, between O——— and L———, taking West Newington on its way, carries the leader village mail, and constitutes the sole between this primitive spot, and the great world of the Present. The sober-looking little inn, with its bright bay windows full of fuschias and geraniums, the sign of the Cat and Fiddle over its door, and a dozen country farm-hands enjoying a pipe and a glass of cider in its old-fashioned porch on a summer evening, in its cheerful, broad-chimneyed tap-room on a wintry one—is all it can boast in the way of hostelry. And the old parish church, so picturesquely shaded by its graveyard trees—is the one public building of the place.

It scarcely need be added that the shops of West Newington are few in number, and of the utmost simplicity. The only ones among them that make any pretension to display, are those of Messrs. Rouse & Golding, the new linen-drapers "from London," and of Miss Angelina Bembury, the milliner, from nowhere in particular, though her productions are of the most flaming description, and she has been heard to hint of "Parish" as the scene of her former triumphs. Indeed, though one meek-looking cottage has "Police Station" duly inscribed above its door, while another equally sleepy-looking and unobtrusive, has the words "Post Office" legibly written in large round hand, on a square of pasteboard in the window—nothing can be less suggestive of modern luxuries, crimes, news, or, in short, any species of ordinary mundane activity, than the length and breadth of the pretty village of West Newington.

But quiet, humble, and primitive though it be, our village is not without an aristocracy of its own; albeit this privileged class consists only of the families of the curate and of the few farmers of the place.

The Reverend Mr. Dale, combining as he does both spiritual and temporal dignities in his own person, must of course be considered as occupying the first place in West Newingtonian society. He is a slight, pale man, with fair hair, and mild gray eyes; of good family and gentlemanly address, and possessing no mean share of scholarly attainment; but too gentle and unambitious to push his way into a fatter or more prominent living. He is thoroughly devoted to the duties of his calling; and is not without hopes of being able, some day or other, to introduce certain improvements into the limited routine of the village school. Meanwhile, he lives on, contentedly and happy, in the old world parsonage that looks out, over a hedge of myrtles and laurestinas, upon the daisy-starred turf of the churchyard. His wife died many years ago, and his daughters have since then kept his house, one after another, as each in turn has succeeded to the responsible post of housekeeper, left vacant by the marriage of the sister next above her. For the Misses Dale—thanks to their father's family connexions, and the energetic *chaperonage* of two or three dashing aunts at a distance, who have taken them up one by one, introduced them at Bath and Cheltenham, and otherwise helped them forward on the road to the "holy estate"—have hitherto exchanged the parental roof for that of a husband, in a consecutive series, according to age, with a regularity that would have delighted the heart of a Laban, and that is probably not unsatisfactory to the rector himself.

After "Parson Dale," but somewhat in advance of all others in point of wealth and honor, come Farmer Pearson, of the Haugh, and Farmer Mathews, of the Uplands, two village magnates who have inherited their patrimonial acres from a long line of yeoman ancestry, and who pride themselves on their old names and their old places as thoroughly as any Duke or Squire upon his loftier titles and broader acres.

Half-a-dozen smaller farmers close the list of West Newington grandees; for neither doctor nor lawyer has ever been able to establish himself in the parish; and as for Squire Southwood—Lord of the Manor and Justice of the Peace, residing at his noble seat of Southwood Park—he moves in a sphere so far above and beyond that of our village, that he can hardly be reckoned as belonging to it at all. Nevertheless, being of an open-hearted, kindly, and most active nature, he is the friend of everybody in the parish, and interested in the welfare of all about him.

Farmer Pearson, of the Haugh, is a comfortable, thriving personage of fifty-five, with a reddish-brown visage, crisp, curly locks—not quite so brown as they were on his wedding-day, some five-and-twenty years ago—a pair of merry black eyes, that seem made to twinkle at his own jokes, a back almost as broad as one of his own hay-stacks, a waistcoated rotundity that reminds one of his favorite cider-barrel, and legs not unlike a couple of harvest-sheaves. Brisk and active as the youngest lad in the village, constantly busy among the hands on his farm, and exacting from them all the full performance of every task, but just and kindly in his dealings with them nevertheless—a little choleric at times, but upright, hearty and hospitable at the bottom—Farmer Pearson is decidedly the most popular man in the village.

But, notwithstanding his many good qualities, Farmer Pearson has his weak side; and who, indeed, has not? He loves his old homestead almost to fanaticism, and is as jealous of its honor and prosperity as any noble could be of the glory of his more extensive domain. His very crops, and the cattle he raises, are valued by him still more for the credit they do to his land, than for the profit they bring to his purse. He would even like to add to its extent, and has set his heart upon acquiring a piece of ground—contiguous to his own, and known as "The Three Meadows"—which has lately been offered for sale; an acquisition which he has had a hankering after from his childhood, and which would greatly enhance both the value and the dignity of the Haugh. But it will take the savings of many years—past and future—to purchase this land, unless his son Harry, a fine young fellow of twenty-three, will consent to give up an attachment that stands in the way of his sire's ambitious projects, and choose a wife with money enough to enable him to add the long-coveted Three Meadows to the fertile fields of the Haugh. But to this transference of his allegiance, Harry Pearson has hitherto opposed a constancy that promises little for the success of his father's plans; and Farmer Pearson has at length, in one of his irascible moods, forbidden both son and daughter from keeping up an intimacy that threatens to prevent the realization of his darling wish.

His wife is a buxom, comely, stirring matron, the very counterpart of himself, saving and excepting the sweetness of temper that remains unruffled amidst the frequent chafings of her more excitable partner, and all the complicated bustle, *around her, a kindly, motherly* woman, with no accomplishments beyond those of reading and writing—which, indeed, are all that her husband himself can boast of—but the very pattern of a substantial farmer's wife, and holding sway over kitchen, dairy, still room, barnyard and garden, husband, children and servants, to the eminent comfort and advantage of all around her.

Dame Pearson would by no means object to the addition of the Three Meadows to the Haugh, and is too prudent openly to take part with her refractory son against his father; but she is far too kindly to desire their acquisition at the price of her son's happiness. Moreover, she cordially approves of the choice he has taken the liberty of making for himself, and secretly looks forward to her husband's coming round to the same opinion.

The Haugh itself is a large, old-fashioned, rambling, cosy, two-storied farmhouse, with whitewashed walls, small latticed casements, tiled roof and innumerable gables and chimneys; full of long, breezy passages, and low but spacious rooms, whose beams and wainscotings are of oak, black and shining with age. The whole place is redolent of that peculiar and delightful fragrance to be found only in a well-kept, well-to-do English farmhouse of the olden school; a fragrance that defies analysis, yet is suggestive of many things; of cleanliness and lavender, of generations of clover and bean-blossoms, of fresh curds in the dairy, and fresh hay in the yard.

The common sitting-room at the Haugh is a sort of better kitchen; an ample, warm, low-raftered apartment, in no way remarkable save for its order, and its air of homely comfort. Its settles, chairs, and tables are of the same dark, lustrous oak that imparts such an air of substantiality, and almost of dignity, to the rest of the interior; so are also the great dresser opposite the wide fire-place—garnished with crockery, brass and pewter, as bright as hands can make them—the tall clock that ticks so solemnly beside it, and the huge, old-fashioned presses that line the sides of the room, and reflect the sunshine that dances in through the casements, vine-wreathed and fronting the south, which look out upon the garden.

This garden, and the aforesaid presses, constitute Dame Pearson's especial delight and glory. For the garden, with its double square of grass-plot, extending across the front of the house—that is to say, across the kitchen-room, the parlor on the other side of the entry, and the wide porch between the two—is full of neatly-gravelled walks, long formal beds of every dear old garden-favorite, from stocks, gillies, heartsease, pinks, mignonette, and canterbury-bells, to hollyhocks, sun-flowers, lilies, white and tawny, shiny-leaved myrtles, roses of every shade, and fuschias hung with myriads of crimson and purple bells. It boasts, moreover, of an arbor, surrounded by laurels and arbutus, an old stone sun-dial, a little pond—bordered with cockle-shells and rock-work, and full of gold and silver fish—and, lastly, a lovely view, through the trees that skirt the Haugh on either hand, across green, sloping meadows, to the sea.

The oaken presses in the kitchen are not more full of snowy linen, and hoarded treasures of old china, glass, and silver that only see the light on great occasions, than is the garden of flowers and sunshine; and as for fragrance, it would be hard to say whether the garden, with its living blossoms, or the presses, with their wealth of dried violets and lavender, were the *freshest or the sweetest.*

The parlor—for we must not forget that culminating point of the state and grandeur of the Haugh—is a large, low room, like the one we have just described. Its walls are hung with a paper of the gayest pattern; and snowy curtains adorn the windows, through which the great pink bunches of the monthly rose, and the paler clusters of the multiflora, look familiarly in. The furniture is partly of oak, partly of mahogany, so very old and black that it harmonizes well with the rest. A carpet—as brilliant in hue as the paper on the walls—covers the floor; the long narrow looking-glass over the high mantlepiece—surrounded by peacocks' feathers—looks reflectively down—between an array of China candlesticks, flower-jars, shepherds and shepherdess—upon a formal row of straight-backed, chintz-seated chairs; and the old family Bible lies on one of the two grotesque old tables—with crooked legs and lions' paws—that stand on opposite sides of the room, so bright with constant rubbing, so free from the slightest suspicion of dust.

From the walls hang portraits of Farmer Pearson, the dame, and their two children, done, some years ago, by an itinerant artist, in the fanciful style of drawing and coloring characteristic of the productions of the Nomadic school; together with high ornamented representations of the battles of Navarino and Waterloo, and a picture of the Iron Duke in his younger days.

Yonder well-filled book-case is the peculiar property of the young people, who have shared—and to pretty good purpose—a course of instruction very superior to that which had fallen to the lot of their parents. The latter—though well pleased that their children have "a turn for books"—do not very often, it must be confessed, open this book-case on their own account.

But we must not linger in the parlor, whose precincts are usually so carefully guarded against intrusion; for, at this very moment, a conclave is being held in the kitchen, at which, though uninvited, we will take the liberty of being present.

Farmer Pearson—his pipe in his mouth—sits in his own ample wicker-chair beside the fire, though it is a warm July afternoon, and the windows, as well as the door leading into the garden, are wide open.

The dame, in her dark calico gown, a snowy kerchief pinned across her bosom, and an equally snowy cap surmounting her rosy face, is at her own little round table, in her own place, in the angle between the fire-place and the open window. A great basket, full of clothes to be mended, stands on the floor beside her; and her shining scissors, her favorite red morocco housewife, and an ample supply of cottons, tapes and buttons, are spread before her on the table.

Near the dame—so seated as to face both herself and her husband—is a tall, spare man, with a worn expression on his pale, stern brow, and well-cut features. The sunshine still lies bright on the garden outside; but the sun himself has travelled westward, and only a slanting ray, that comes in at a corner of the window, falls on his thin, gray locks as he sits bolt upright in his chair, a hand laid firmly on each knee, and his hat with a checkered cotton pocket-handkerchief in it, standing between his feet.

This stern, self contained, thin man, scarcely older in years than Farmer Pearson, but looking so much the senior of that jolly individual, that one would hardly imagine they had been boys together, is Farmer Mathews of the Uplands.

He has declined the pipe hospitably offered by his host, for he has something on his mind this afternoon; and his stern and careworn face, from which he seems to be always trying to keep back the signs of some unfortunate regret that defies his efforts to put it away, looks yet more stern and careworn as he presses his straight, inflexible lips together before giving utterance to that which he has come to say.

Farmer Pearson has a shrewd guess of his own at the purport of his neighbor's visit, but, for reasons of his own, he is determined not to help him to a beginning, and so puffs away vigorously at his pipe. The dame, too, is not without a suspicion of her own as to what may be coming; but as her husband has evidently made up his mind to leave the burthen of communication with his guest, she merely looks from one to the other with her kindly glance, and goes on with her sewing without speaking a word. Except the old clock, which ticks away as londly as usual, all is silent.

Presently the cat, who has been rolled up in a delightful nap at Farmer Pearson's feet, starts from her slumbers, gets slowly upon her legs, gapes, stretches herself, looks about her with a satisfied air, rolls herself down again in her old place, and relapses into Elysium.

Pussy's movement fortunately breaks the spell that has been holding Father Mathews in constrained and uneasy silence. He takes up his handkerchief, passes it slowly over his face and head, replaces it in his hat, and thus begins:

"Well, neighbor! it's nigh upon a twel'month since we two ha' met; and that's a long time atween them as ha' been friends from their childhood as we ha' been; and ye may well believe I'm loath to come here and say that which may e'en look as though I would make suit to ye for me or mine. But friends we ha' been, and friends I hope we shall ever be, and so (though it's long since ye've been to the Uplands,) I thought it best to step over here, and speak my mind to ye plainly on a matter as concerns us both. (Here Farmer Pearson puffs away very vigorously indeed, and the dame gives the speaker one of her kindly glances.) Ye come o' good, honest stock, neighbor; so do I; though shame, that were none o' my making, ha' fallen on me. Ye'r farm is ye'r own, and a thriving thing ye make of it; my farm, too, is my own, though I cannot say I ha' made 'quite so much out of it as ye ha' done o' your'n, (and here the pale-face looks a shade paler and sadder than before); for if God take from a man the wife o' his bosom, and evil courses steal away his son, he will scarce make so fair a headway as him who ha' both wife and child to stan' by him. But the Uplands is a good farm, as ye know, and is now my own again; for I ha' just paid off the last o' the heavy mortgage as ha' kep' me down so long. And this is what I ha' come here to say. Your Harry and my Bessy ha' grown up together; and they set too much store by one another, I do believe, ever to be kep' apart by you or me. Leastways, I don't think as keeping 'm apart will do much good to either. You think, because your Harry 'll have the bit o' gold in the bank as his godmother left him, as well as the Haugh when you're gone, that he might look for summit better, or leastways richer than my Bessy. Now, I'm not goin' to say anything in praise o' my own flesh and blood, nor I needn't; for you and your dame ha' known her from her cradle. But this is what I wished to say. Him as ha' caused such heavy shame and sorrow to me and mine, is now dead among them he joined himself to. But dead or alive, (the lines in his face grow sterner and stiller as he speaks) he is no longer a child o' mine; and even if the dead could come back an' claim from the living, not a penny o' mine should go to him or his. But this is idle talk. He's dead; and among them as drew him to their evil ways. My will is made; and all I have 'll be Bessy's. An' I don't see as we can do better than e'en let young hearts, and good hearts, ha' their own way. My Bessy's a deal less lightsome than she used to be, since ye've striven to keep your Harry from her. And I reckon your Harry's not so much happier than she, for though I ha' kep' her from seeing him—as it's not fitting a child o' mine should seem too forward where she's not welcome, (the good dame glances up deprecatingly from her sewing) your Harry ha' come to me, often an' often, when I've been about the farm, or going to market; an' if he ha' begged me once to speak to ye for him, neighbor, he ha' begged me twenty times. It's not so pleasing to me to come here an' ax ye to let your child marry mine, an' ye not willing; but Bessy's dear to me, as ye well know; an' we're old friends. So now I've told ye my mind, neighbor; an' I shall be glad to know yours." And Farmer Mathews once more takes up his handkerchief, drops it again into his hat, and resumes his old attitude with his hand upon his knee.

Dame Pearson's sewing has not made much progress during this exordium, though she still holds it in her hands; for her eyes are fixed upon her husband's, whose own are fixed upon the fire.

"Well, neighbor," replies Farmer Pearson at last—the half-vexed, half-ashamed expression his face has worn during the measured speech of Farmer Mathews, giving way suddenly to his habitual good-humor, as he takes his pipe from his mouth, and turns full upon his old friend—"I like ye none the worse for havin' spoken your mind so freely. Perhaps I may ha' wished to see Harry choose a wife wi' more money in her pocket than I ever thought your Bessy—good girl as she be, an' there's none better!—were ever likely to have in her'n; for ye know how long I ha' set my heart on buying them Meadows, which it's little likely I'll be able to do for many a day to come; even if so be as no one else steps in an' buys 'em over my head. Not but what I've managed to be a little before-hand wi' the world; but because, if my Dolly should ever take it into that curly pate o' her'n to fancy a sweet-heart, (she's ne'er done so yet, but her time may come for a' that!) John Pearson ain't the man to let a child o' his'n go into her husband's house empty-handed, and what loose cash I've scraped together would be for her. So I don't deny as I may ha' had such thoughts about Harry. I may ha' been right, I may ha' been wrong; but that's neither here nor there. Your Bessy's as good a girl as ever walked, and a girl I love a'most as well as my own; and if you ha' settled the Uplands upon her—though it's far more than I ever thought or wished to get wi' Harry's wife, and God knows I'm sorry enough for the way it comes to her—why, I sp'ose we may e'en as well do as ye say, neighbor, an' let the young hearts manage it their own way. Eh, dame!" continues Farmer Pearson, as he looks toward his wife, his eyes twinkling with recovered good temper and satisfaction at things having come to a conclusion so welcome to all parties.

"Ye know full well my mind about Bessy, an' what it always has been, father," replies the dame; "an' ye know very well that ye wouldn't ask me if ye hadn't already pretty well made up your mind. He needn't ask me, neighbor," she continues, turning to Farmer Mathews, "what I think o' your Bessy; for with the Uplands or without it, she's worth fifty farms, and fifty Meadows to the back of 'em;—bless her little heart! And there's ne'er a girl within twenty mile, nor beyond it, for that matter! as I'd be better pleased to see the wife o' our Harry," and so saying, she lays down her work, rises from her chair, takes a huge bunch of keys from her pocket, and proceeds forthwith to open one of the great oaken presses.

"That's right, wife! bring out the gooseberry!" cries Farmer Pearson gaily. "Gi' us yer hand, old boy, an' we'll drink to our children an' our children's children!" he continues, as the dame deposits on the table a little tray, upon which she has placed a decanter of the home made wine for which she is so renowned in the village, and three tiny glasses, with stems so slender that one would almost expect them to break off in the lifting.

The two men now shake hands with each other, and the dame shakes hands with them both; whereupon Farmer Pearson catches her under the chin with his great round hand, and gives her a bouncing kiss that might be heard in the dairy.

Even Farmer Mathews's stern face has relaxed a little since matters have been placed on so satisfactory a footing.

"So ye've had news o' the poor lad, at last, neighbor?" gently inquires the dame, as she fills the three old-fashioned glasses. "Your Dick were ever a favorite o' mine, as ye know; an' any way, I can't but be sorry for him, poor fellow! in spite of all said an' done. An' dead, too, ye say, neighbor; an' he so young!"

"Him ye speak of, is no child o' mine, dame; an' ye'll oblege me, by remembering that for the time to come. Or, better yet," adds Farmer Mathews, his face settling again into its former hardness, "ye'll just try an' forget him, as I do. An' as for his dying young, I would the Lord had seen fit to take him when he were younger, afore he'd brought shame on his father's gray hairs. But ye're right about one thing, dame; I ha' had news, at last, o' him as was my son."

"Tell us all about it, then," interposes Farmer Pearson, eagerly, as Farmer Mathews relapses into gloomy silence. "Troubles enow, God knows! come to the best of us; an' as for shame's coming to ye, neighbor, there's no man living—I'll go bail on it this minute!—as thinks e'er the worse o' ye for what may ha' happened."

"The son's blame is the father's shame,"

ANCIENT OAK IN WESTPHALIA.

We present to our readers this week an engraving of a celebrated oak which is still flourishing near Korthingshausen Castle in Westphalia. It stands in the forest district of Birkenschlag, about ten minutes' walk from the castle, and is, according to connoisseurs, more than a thousand years old. This oak stands above seventy feet high, its trunk near the ground measures 39½ feet round, and it exceeds both in height and girth the largest oaks of France and Sweden. Some years ago this oak was a favorite retreat of the foxes, but since they have been driven away and the inner surface has been preserved by charring, there is a space in the interior in which twenty-four persons can stand upright. This space is kept locked, and an oaken staircase leading to two platforms with balusters, form resting places in the branches of the oak. Although there is a good deal of dead wood, still the oak yearly becomes green, and then forms a magnificent leafy canopy. The old tree still possesses so much vitality that the hinges of the door in the trunk have become embedded 3 in. in new bark.

replies the other, bitterly; "and the shame he ha' cast on my good name, 'll stick to me till I die. Can a man's only son take the wrong road wi'out shaming them he belongs to? Think o' yer own boy, neighbor, and tell me if so be as 't had been your Harry as had done the wrong thing, instead o' him as did it—though ye'd be still as honest a man as ye be at this moment—could ye hold up yer head, an' look the world in the face, as ye can now? Well—what's done is done, an' little's the good o' talking," he continues, as Farmer Pearson's well-meant attempt at consolation collapses under the weight of this home-argument, "but ye're welcome to know all I know about him as is gone. Ye'll remember—for I doubt ye've not forgotten it—that when the money went, an' him with it, we missed the little Bible as were his mother's, an' as he'd always set such store by, an' a silk handkercher, as belonged to his aunt; an' we thought he must ha' taken 'em away wi' him for a kind o' keepsake like."

"Poor Dick! he were always so fond of his aunt, an' she such a mother to him! Sure ye wouldn't lay *that* up agin him, neighbor?" pleads the dame, wiping her eyes.

"I don't say as I do," replies Farmer Mathews, "but I do say as it were but a poor sort o' way o' showing his love for her, an' after all her goodness an' kindness to him an' to Bessy, from the time their own mother were taken away from 'em, to go an' bring down such shame on his mother's sister an' on his own, to say nothing o' himself or o' me."

"That's true enough, though God knows I'm sorry to say it," puts in Farmer Pearson, as he refills his old friend's glass and his own. "No mother were ever better to her own children, than Widow Tallman ha' been to yourn; coming here, an' taking the place o' her that's gone, from the very day she were called away. An' there's few enough would ha' cared to settle down in a quiet, out o'-the-way place, like this, an' *live* all her life for her sister's children, as she ha' done, after being out in the world, too, an' travelling about in foreign parts; an' offending her husband's people, as made so much of her, by leaving 'em all for the children. To say naught o' her kindness to mine; an' her teaching 'em all, as she ha' done. But for the news ye spoke of, neighbor? the news ye say ye've had o' Richard?"

"Well, as I were saying," answers his visitor, "the Bible an' the hankercher were both missing from the day he went off wi' the money—seven years ago come Michaelmas—an' ne'er a word heard o' him since then. But last market-day, when Jack Hill were at L——— wi' a lot o' bullocks, jus' when he were i' the thick o' the market, a rough-looking chap comes up behind him, an' slaps him on the shoulder, an' axes him were he one Jack Hill, from West Newington? Jack Hill tells him he were, an' axes him what's that to him? 'You call in an' ax that at the Pig an' Whistle, any time this arternoon, an' then mayhap *ye'll find out*,' says the chap, making off so quick that Jack Hill lost sight o' him directly. Well, Jack Hill thought 'twere very odd; but as soon as he'd sold the bullocks, he goes straight to the Pig an' Whistle, an' axes the landlady were there any chap there as wanted to see him?' 'Nobody as wants to see you,' says the landlady, 'but a parcel as was left here for you this morning, very partikler;' an' wi' that she takes a parcel out o' the cupboard in the bar, and gives it to him. 'Twere a shabby-looking parcel, tied up in dirty brown paper; and when she gives it to him she shows him the direction. '*Jack Hill, to be given to Farmer Mathews of West Newington.*' Jack Hill axed her who'd left it? She said 'twere a sort o' rough, sailor-looking chap as had slept there the night afore, and had gone away that morning. But more than that she couldn't say, he being a stranger. When Jack Hill come home, he giv' me the parcel. I don't know why, but my mind misgave me as 'twere from Dick. An' sure enough, when I'd opened it, there were the Bible an' the silk hankercher as we'd missed so long, an' a letter. This letter weren't written by Dick, but by one o' the smuggler's crew as he went away wi'; an' it said as Richard Mathews, as had left his home seven year ago, had been hurt in a fight wi' some o' his comrades, an' was now dead. That afore he died he'd bidden one of 'em to write and tell his father as soon as he were gone, an' to send back the Bible an' the hankercher. That he bid 'em do this, not for his father's sake,—for that he ha'ed him for standing in the way o' his going to sea, an' driving him to run away as he did,—but for the sake o' his aunt an' his sister; an' that he wished the things to be given back to 'em.' An' he bid 'em say as he were not sorry for aught he'd done, an' he'd do the same if it were to do over again. That he'd had a short life, an' a merry one, but that now his game were up; an' if ever the letter reached Jack Hill, 'twould be a sign he were already dead an' buried, as it were not to be sent until he were gone."

While telling his tale, Father Mathews has looked as cold and calm as though he were made of ice; speaking in a slow, steady, unfaltering tone, and, if there be in his heart any pity, any fatherly sorrow for the lost son, showing it not outwardly. His face is a little paler, perhaps,—its lines a little harder—than before; but that is all.

Dame Pearson, who had listened to this recital with tears running down her motherly face—now stares at the speaker with a face full of amazement and horror. That Dick Mathews—high-spirited and impetuous as he was in boyhood, and thwarted by his father in his bent for the sea—should have rashly left his home to seek his favorite element and should even, young as he was, have been tempted to join with evil companions, was certainly very dreadful, and very shocking, but was still something that she could understand, and—while blaming—weep over in her kind motherly way. But that Richard Mathews, "little Dick"—her former favorite, and the playmate of her children, brought up as he had been, and honest, upright and affectionate as he had ever shown himself, in spite of a nature somewhat too restless and impatient,—should have grown so wicked as to send from his death-bed that hardened, cruel impenitent message to his father,—who, as Dick must have known, loved him dearly, notwithstanding the sternness of his manner, and his repeated refusals to let him follow his fancy for the sea—is something too strange and horrible for her to comprehend.

"But it passes everything! I can't believe poor Dick could ever send that letter!" she exclaims at length, with an appealing glance at her husband.

"I should ha' said so too," says Farmer Pearson, scratching his head with a perplexed look, as though he were following out some puzzling suggestion in his own mind, "I should ha' said so too, if it weren't for the money. But if he could do *that*, there's no saying what else he mightn't do."

"An' who but he could ha' sent it? Besides, there's the Bible an' the hankercher to prove it," replies Father Mathews under his breath.

"I wish we could make out summut more about the chap as brought it, ne'ertheless," remarks Farmer Pearson.

"I went over to L——— the same evening," says Farmer Mathews, "an' questioned 'em all at the inn. But it weren't no use. All they could say were that he were a shortish chap, wi' light hair, an' gray eyes, an' pockmarked. Nobody there had ever seen him before, nor knew where he'd come from, nor where he'd gone to. All that he'd let about himself were just that he follered the sea an' were going straight on to his ship."

"I'd give a shilling, anyway, to know what Parson Dale, or the Squire, would say to it, though! I wish we could hit upon some way o' finding that chap again. We might hear summut or other about Dick, an' what he's a been doing of for so long," says Farmer Pearson, musingly.

"An' what good 'ud there be in knowing more o' what we know too much on a'ready?" rejoines Farmer Mathews, in the same low, unmoved voice. "Parson Dale, as luck 'ud have it, called in at the Upland just as we got the letter. Ye know, neighbor, as the Parson were always partial to him as is gone, and maybe thought that I myself were not altogether blameless for having withstood him, when his heart were so set upon the sea; maybe I ha' thought so myself at times, an' might e'en ha' took him back again, if so be he'd come back an' confessed the wrong he'd done. Well—when Parson Dale comes into the kitchen, Aunt Mary looking as white as your hankercher, dame, and Bessy crying fit to break her heart, (for Bessy's well-nigh possessed about him, I think, an' all she says, like you, dame, is that she can't never believe it)—I just hand the letter to him; an' when he'd read it, he says, says he, 'My good friend, this is a heavy blow, indeed; but we must never despair o' the mercy o' Heaven; an' there may ha' been a change afore the last. But it's doubtless best as it is, where a longer life might ha' been only a worse one.'"

Here Farmer Mathews relapses into his old, stern silence; the kind-hearted farmer and his wife are silent from sympathy; and the old clock against the wall ticks on as loudly as before.

"Well, neighbor," says Farmer Mathews, at last, rousing himself from his reverie, and taking up his hat, as he rises slowly from his chair, "ye'll speak yersel' to Harry, an' tell him what we've agreed upon. But they're both young, an' we needn't be thinkin' o' the weddin'-day just yet; for I would fain keep my Bessy at the Uplands a little longer."

"Keep your Bessy!" rejoins Farmer Pearson, lifting himself in turn, out of his capacious receptacle; "why, man! ye don't think you're going to lose her? Why, we'll keep both our children, an' the old places to boot, this many a day to come! But I'll talk to Harry, neighbor; an' as to the wedding—though we needn't settle that just directly—yet I promise ye the young dog won't be very patient, when he knows what's in the wind! an' he won't be very long finding his way to the Uplands, either; ye may count upon that!"

"Say he comes over this arternoon," suggests Father Mathews.

"As he'll be very sure to do, neighbor!" chimes in Dame Pearson, with her pleasant laugh.

"And stays to tea with us, an' the young folk have a walk through the hayfields arterwards; an' you an' the dame, an' Dolly, come over to the Uplands, to supper," he continues.

"Dolly won't wait till then, neighbor," returns the dame; "ye'll see her with Harry, I'll warrant ye. But she can stay wi' Aunt Mary, while they take their walk; an' father an' me'll come over in the cool o' the evening. I haven't been off the Haugh, except to the church, since I don't know when; an' the walk 'll be quite a treat to me."

"If she'd said 't to see Bessy 'll be quite a treat to her,' she'd be a deal nearer saying what she's a-thinking," remarks Farmer Pearson, with a laugh; "for if e'er a woman in this world were suited wi' a daughter-in-law, it's my dame wi' your Bessy! An' all I've got to say is, I wish, when my Dolly's turn comes, she might go no farther from me than your Bessy's a-goin' from you," he continues, a slight shade passing over his jolly face, for Farmer Pearson doats on his daughter, and never thinks of the possibility of her being taken from him in some remote future, without committing the not uncommon mistake of "taking trouble by the forelock;" "anyway, we'll come over to supper, neighbor," he adds, as he follows Farmer Mathews, who has taken leave of the dame, and now shakes hands with him at the garden-gate.

But though Farmer Pearson affects a gaiety he does not feel he is not quite so jolly as usual. The strange depravity, and untimely end of Richard—or, as he is usually called, Dick Mathews—have greatly perplexed and saddened him; and not even the prospect—so much more brilliant than anything he had ever hoped for Harry—of adding the Uplands to the Haugh, can raise his spirits to their usual level. It is true that the two farms lie at opposite ends of the village, a fact which, in his eyes, detracts very considerably from the glory of their prospective union; but even were the Uplands as closely contiguous to the Haugh as are the Three Meadows, it is doubtful whether the proposed arrangement would suffice to restore his equanimity.

"Poor Dick! poor Dick! well, well!" he exclaims, as he returns through the garden to his wife, in ruminating mood, and his hands plunged into his coat pocket, as is his wont when anything sets him thinking, "it beats Natur'." I can't make it out, no way I look at it. But this I know, I can't abide that Jack Hill, nor never could. An' what neighbor Mathews can see in the feller, to ha' taken him in to work—a'most out o' charity, as one may say—an' then to put him up o'er the heads o' his fellers, an' make a sort o' overseer of him as he do, is more than I can tell. Why, that ill-favored chap manages everything on the farm, an' is a'most as much master there as James Mathews hisself. An' wi' a' his show o' zeal an' his mighty professions, why I wouldn't give *that* for a' the good as 'll ever come o' them!" says Farmer Pearson, snapping his fingers as he speaks, and warming with the indignation that any recurrence to this topic on his part never fails to awaken. "But to be sure," he continues, "Dick's turning out so ill ha' greatly changed neighbor Mathews, so that he's not half the stir in him as he used to have. An' what wi' Jack Hill's always wheedling him about one thing or another, an' his taking the trouble o' the farm off his hands, he's got it now pretty much his own way. An' I'm thinking he would be much overpleased at our Harry's coming in to put his ugly nose out o' joint. But when once Harry's married, he won't be slow to tackle to, an' look arter the Uplands as it ought to be looked arter. An' if we don't see another sort o' crops on them fields, arter all the pains I've took to teach my young jackanapes the true way to work land, why the moon's made o' cream-cheese, an' my name's not John Pearson!"

Now, the dame knows, by long experience, that when once Farmer Pearson gets upon the subject of crops, what with ploughing, manuring, subsoiling, top-dressing, and so forth—he having a set of pet fancies of his own under every one of these heads, to say nothing of his favorite views upon mowing, carrying and stacking—there is no getting him off it again. So, by way of attempting a diversion from this dangerous point, she observes that Jack Hill will hardly wish to stay at the Uplands when Harry takes the reins there.

"Well, I should say so, too, wife," returns the farmer, thrown off the track in the very nick of time by this remark, "but there's no counting on a sly, wheedling, good-for-naught like him. But we may leave Harry to settle that matter for hisself; Jack Hill won't be long seeing it's not quite so easy to bamboozle him. An' when neighbor Mathews sees he ha' a better man ready to his hand, he'll mayhap find out that Jack Hill can be done wi'out as well as another. Blame the feller!" he exclaims, in a sudden resuscitation of anger, "I don't see what he can ha' had to do wi' it all, but somehow I never can help fancying as things would not ha' gone so ill wi' poor Dick, if that sneaking scoundrel hadn't been in the way."

"That's just what I were thinking," replies the dame, who had been washing up the glasses and putting them back, with the wine, into the press, and who now resumes her seat at the little table, and goes on busily with her sewing.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HAVE LIVE TOADS AND FROGS EVER BEEN FOUND IN SOLID STONE?

An opinion has long been prevalent, that frogs and toads have often been found alive in solid rock at a great depth from the surface of the earth. The statements of many popular writers on natural history have tended very much to confirm this opinion. They have detailed a number of apparently well-attested instances of this kind, and declared that, however improbable they might appear to be, they could not resist the creditable evidence by which they were supported. Paragraphs are constantly occurring in the newspapers, recording fresh instances of this phenomenon; and even so late as the 20th of July last, two cases were inserted in the Dumfries Courier—the one of a frog of an extraordinary size having been found at Ingleton coal-works, at the depth of 368 feet; and the other of a toad, dug from solid stone, 80 feet from the surface, within a tunnel then in course of formation in the neighborhood of Bangor. The nature of the animals themselves seems also to favor this belief. It is well known that they remain in a state of torpidity during the winter, and that they are capable of living a long period without either food or air. The consequence has been, that people in general seem to give implicit credence to every statement on this subject, and are no more disposed to call it in question than to discredit the best established physical or historical fact. Now, with all due deference to the general opinion and the great names by which it is supported, it may be confidently asserted, that there are good grounds for regarding it altogether as a gross popular delusion. In order to prove this assertion, let attention be first paid to the nature of the evidence, on the authority of which, instances of this supposed phenomenon have been published to the world. Most of the cases detailed by natural historians are said to have occurred in foreign countries, and at a remote period; and therefore it is quite impossible now to verify them, and it is even no easy matter to ascertain the particulars of those recorded in newspapers. Very rarely are these accounts vouched for by the name of any responsible person who has been an eye-witness of the alleged fact, and of whom due inquiries might be made. In general, the designation of some obscure quarry or coal-pit is only given, the exact locality of which it is difficult to discover. Great pains have, however, been taken by not a few scientific men to arrive at a correct conclusion on this subject, and the result has been a thorough conviction on their minds, that the whole of the recorded cases of this extraordinary phenomenon are utterly fallacious and unfounded.

In illustration of this, reference may be briefly made to two or three cases which were subjected to a searching investigation by a gentleman of Edinburgh. About three years ago, a paragraph appeared in the Scotsman newspaper, affirming that a live toad had been found imbedded in the limestone of Burdiehouse Quarry, situated about four miles south of the Scottish metropolis. This gentleman went instantly to the spot, and inquired of the workmen if they had recently discovered a live toad in the limestone. They answered that they had neither found it nor seen it themselves, but they had been told that a mass of limestone had fallen from a cart while proceeding along Nicolson street, Edinburgh; and that a live toad had been found among the fragments on the ground. No cavity, so far as they had heard, had been seen in which the animal had been inclosed, and they were inclined to think with the gentleman, that the existence of a live toad in a piece of stone that had been subjected to the intense heat of a lime-kiln, was the height of absurdity and improbability. There can be no doubt that the animal had either been previously in the cart and overturned by the fall of the piece of limestone, or had been crawling on the ground near the spot on which the limestone fell.

The next case to which his attention was called, was detailed in a Stirling newspaper. It was there reported that, during the formation of the railway tunnel at Falkirk, a live toad had been found in the stone, of a species different from any now existing. He immediately repaired to the spot, accompanied by twelve other scientific gentlemen. The workmen were strictly interrogated, when it came out that, in conducting their operations, a large quantity of diluvium had been disengaged from the surface, and had rushed from the excavation below. On clearing away the rubbish, a live toad was found, which, at the time the mass was precipitated, was no doubt either crawling on the ground, or snugly ensconced in some of its concealed haunts near the surface. The party returned to Edinburgh, thoroughly convinced that in this case, at least, a gross imposition had been attempted on the credulity of the public. The same gentleman, when on a visit to Huddersfield, in England, a few years ago, was one day waited on by a young friend of his, the son of an extensive landed proprietor in the neighborhood of that town, who apprised him of the wonderful fact, that some laborers in a quarry belonging to his father had discovered a frog at a great depth in the solid rock. On the Edinburgh gentleman expressing some doubt of this fact, the young man said that the truth of it was not to be questioned, as the workmen were persons of excellent character, and their veracity was not to be impeached; and he stated further, that he had drawn up an account of the discovery, which he intended to publish in a Huddersfield newspaper. The gentleman from Edinburgh requested his friend, previous to his doing so, to accompany him to the quarry, that he might put a few questions to the workmen. They accordingly proceeded thither, and inquired of the laborers if they had seen the frog in the stone. They declared that they had not, but that they had seen it leap away from a piece of stone which had been newly broken. They were then asked if they had preserved the stone in which the animal was found. They replied that it had been broken and removed, as they took very little interest in the matter, and had their work to attend to. After these and some other inquiries, the young gentleman declared that he was now satisfied that the whole affair was a delusion, and he at once abandoned the idea of giving it any further publicity. Now, had all the other cases of this sort been as carefully scrutinized as those now alluded to, there is little cause to doubt that they would all have been found to be equally deceptive and unreal.

But further, to say nothing of the utter improbability of an animal living for thousands, some say millions, of years without air or food, do the discoveries of geology afford any countenance to the common belief of the existence of frogs and toads in solid stone? The very reverse of this is the case. The disclosures of geology may be regarded as the strongest and most conclusive evidence against it, and are amply sufficient, were there nothing else to overturn the popular doctrine, and set the question for ever at rest. It is the common report, that these animals are frequently discovered in the carboniferous system. For instance, one of the paragraphs inserted in the *Dumfries Courier*, asserts that several frogs had recently been discovered in the coal-works at Ingleton, 368 feet below the surface. Now, it is a fact known to every geologist, that not a single specimen of a fossil frog or toad has ever been found in the coal measures. When so many live frogs are found, it is but reasonable to expect that skeletons of these animals would not be uncommon. But how stands the case? While impressions of various kinds of plants and fishes are abundant, both in carboniferous sandstone and limestone, not a single vestige of the remains of a frog or toad has yet been discovered. The fact is, that after the keen and unwearied investigations of geologists for half a century, it has been ascertained that the first trace of an animal supposed to belong to the lizard kind, occurs in the new red sandstone, which is entirely a different and a much later formation. In the lias and oolite, still more recent formations, impressions of lizards are more distinctly observed, but none of them are similar to the species of animals which inhabit our globe at the present day, least of all to any species of the frog or toad. Upon the whole, then, the conclusion is warranted, that the cases hitherto published of frogs and toads existing in solid stone, are founded on false and imperfect evidence, and are utterly at variance with the most indubitable facts of physiological and geological science.—*Hogg's Instructor.*

☞ LEARNING AND UNLEARNING.—At five years of age the father begins to rub the mother out of his child; at ten the schoolmaster rubs out the father; at twenty a trade or profession rubs out the schoolmaster; at twenty-five the world rubs out all its predecessors and gives us a new education till we are old enough and wise enough to take reason and religion for our pastors, when we employ the rest of our lives in unlearning what we have previously learned.

☞ The young lady who fell in love has just been pulled out by the daring fellow who struggled successfully with the world.

☞ Punch speaks of venison as the deer-departed.

☞ A one-armed man is always an off handed kind of fellow.

☞ It may seem strange, but it is a fact, that men generally are much more afraid of women, than women are of men; and fearing to "break the ice" is a fruitful cause of old bachelorism.

☞ A wag, standing at the corner of Oliver and Cherry streets, opposite to one of the Carskill ice carts, drew a piece of chalk from his pocket, and marked the letter M. before the word ice, which of course made it read thus—Cats kill mice.

☞ I compared notes with one of my friends who expects everything of the universe, and is disappointed when anything is less than the best; and I found that I began at the other extreme, expecting nothing and am always full of thanks for moderate goods.—*Emerson.*

OLD TIMES.

Lamentable as our present misfortune is in being reduced to an irredeemable currency, it is at least no new thing in American experience. As to an exclusive specie currency, that never existed among us. It is well known that, simultaneously with the settlement of Virginia, tobacco, the staple product of that colony, was made a lawful tender for the payment of all debts. By an act of the first Virginia Assembly, which met in 1619, purporting to confirm the instructions previously given by the Treasurer, Council and Company in England, to the Governor of the Colony, which instructions had hitherto served as laws, the rate at which tobacco was to be received in payment was fixed at three shillings for the best, and half as much for "the second sort." But, as the price declined in England, its value as a medium of payment had to be modified. By 1632, it had fallen to sixpence the pound, and six years after, in 1639, it was reduced to half that amount. Subsequently, at different times, its market value ranked as low as a penny a pound. It finally settled at two pence, and, during the whole course of the eighteenth century, down to the Revolution, tobacco was a lawful tender in Virginia and Maryland, in payment of debts, at that rate. It even became necessary at times to find a substitute for tobacco.

By an act of 1643, the Governor's salary, to pay which two shillings was levied on every tithable—that is, every male person above sixteen—was made payable in Indian corn, wheat, malt, beef, pork, butter, cheese, geese, turkeys, hens and pigs, at prices named in the act, and not materially different from those which, previously to the enhancement of prices during the last four or five years, prevailed in the New York market. By an act of 1658, poor persons who had no tobacco might tender other goods in payment of their debts; and in 1660 grain and other produce were made a tender for all debts. These provisions appear to have been temporary, but tobacco remained a lawful tender down to the adoption of the Federal Constitution.

Nor did the Puritan fathers of New England, any more than the tobacco-planters of Virginia and Maryland, enjoy the benefit of a specie currency. As they had no staple like tobacco, grain (at various prices for the different sorts) was made a lawful tender. Taxes were payable in corn and cattle. Beaver skins also passed as a currency at ten shillings the pound, and, being available as a remittance to England, held the next rank to coin. For small change, musket balls, at a farthing each, were at one time a legal tender to the amount of a shilling. The Indian wampum, the use of which the New Englanders learned from their Dutch neighbors of New Amsterdam, having been first employed in the Indian trade, came presently to be used as a general medium of traffic, till the increase of the quantity and the decline of the Indian trade led to its depreciation and finally to its abandonment. Even lands and houses were made a legal tender for the payment of judgment debts. When taken in execution, they were not to be sold and so made into money, but were to be delivered to the creditor in full satisfaction of his debt at such value as they might be appraised at by "three understanding and indifferent men," one chosen by the creditor, a second by the debtor, and the third by the officer executing the process. This method of employing real estate for the discharge of debts has been perpetuated in New England to this day, and constitutes a remarkable peculiarity in the law of that section of the Union. This process might seem to be in conflict with that provision of the Federal Constitution which forbids the States to make anything but gold and silver a tender for the payment of debts, but that question, we believe, has never been raised.

In the Dutch colony of New Netherlands, out of which sprung New York, wampum and beaver skins appear to have constituted the chief circulating medium. It is not to be understood, however, that coin was absolutely disused. English coin was seldom or never seen in the colonies; but some silver and even gold found its way thither from the West Indies. These pieces, however, never circulated long, if, indeed, they got into circulation at all. Their value as a remittance caused them to be collected by the merchants to be sent to England. In consequence, they bore a premium in the colonies, and passed at a nominal value greater than their real one. Thence originated the distinction between the pound currency and the pound sterling. Massachusetts, after the wampum had become discredited, undertook to supply small change by a coinage of her own—the pine-tree shillings, sixpences and threepences, so prized by antiquaries; but these, to prevent their following the foreign coin out of the colony, were, on the same principle recently adopted in our silver coinage, debased one fourth below the English standard the current premium on silver being about that amount. Maryland also had a similar coinage of her own.

Such continued to be the currency of the American colonies for the first two or three generations after their settlement. The introduction of paper money—not bank paper, payable on demand, but paper promises to pay at some future time, issued and guaranteed by the Government—in fact, treasury notes—gradually superseded all other kinds of currency, and formed, for three quarters of a century, during the middle period of our history, the chief medium of traffic. The colonial issues of paper money were not all of the same character. There were two very distinct grounds and objects for which these issues were made—one a financial object, the other a mercantile object—so that, to have a correct idea of this sort of currency and of its operation, it must be considered under a twofold point of view.

The first issue was made in Massachusetts in 1690, purely as a temporary financial expedient to meet a deficit in the colonial treasury. That colony had sent out, at great expense, a fleet and army for the conquest of Quebec. The expedition proved a failure; the troops returned unexpectedly; the treasury had been emptied in fitting out the expedition, and there was no money to pay them. To meet this emergency, notes were issued, ranging from five shillings to five pounds, receivable for taxes, and redeemable at certain fixed times at the public treasury. It proved very hard to get these notes into circulation. They soon depreciated more than one-half, and to raise their value they were made a legal tender in payment of debts. In like manner, South Carolina issued, in 1702, her first bills, to meet the expenses of an unsuccessful expedition for the capture of St. Augustine. The war between France and Spain, on the one hand, and England on the other, known in the colonies as Queen Anne's war, of which this expedition against St. Augustine was the first colonial movement, had, however, its chief seat at the North. An unsuccessful expedition for the conquest of Nova Scotia, then held by the French under the name of Acadie, jointly undertaken in 1707 by Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Rhode Island, led to new issues of paper, not only by Massachusetts, but by the two latter colonies. Another unsuccessful expedition in 1709 against Quebec, in which all the Northern colonies united, led Connecticut, New York and New Jersey to become also issuers of paper money—an example followed by North Carolina in 1713 to meet the expenses of an Indian war. It was also the pressure of war expenses, in which Virginia was for the first time seriously involved in the great final struggle between France and England for the possession of North America, that led in 1755 to her first issue of paper.

The issues of paper money by Pennsylvania, commenced in 1722, and by Maryland in 1733, did not have their origin in treasury necessities. They were, rather, purely mercantile expedients, based on a scheme first adopted in South Carolina in 1712, introduced into Massachusetts in 1714, into Rhode Island in 1721, into Connecticut in 1738, and into New York in 1737. The paper money issued on this scheme was not employed, like the former class of issues, to pay government debts in anticipation of taxes, by which it was to be redeemed. It was distributed among the counties, to be lent out on mortgages, as a capital for trade and business, and to be paid back by instalments, with interest. The instalments as they came in were to redeem the issues. The annual interest went into the public treasury, and was the compensation to the colony for lending its name and credit to the transaction. The plan was advocated as creating a moneyed capital (similar to that now created by bank notes), and also as furnishing a circulating medium. The paper issues of the sort first described, being made chiefly during war, were liable to be paid in and cancelled after the restoration of peace. It was to supply the vacuum in the currency thus created, and to prevent the appreciation of the currency, called scarcity of money, that the loan issues were resorted to.

The great difficulty with this paper money, whatever the occasion of its issue, was its liability to violent fluctuations in value. There was no check on its issue except the discretion of the Colonial Assemblies, and in some of the colonies its depreciation was at times as much as ten or twenty for one. The English merchants raised loud outcries against a currency by which the debts due them in America were liable to be depreciated to an unlimited extent. Finally, the English Government interposed by the issue of instructions to the Colonial Governors not to consent to any such issues. It was attempted to get round this prohibition by intrusting the power to issue paper to private companies or bankers, but this operation was cut short by the interference of Parliament. In spite, however, of the instructions to the Governors, means were found to get their consent to paper-money issues, and upon the breaking out of a war, these instructions were always relaxed.

In America, in spite of all the abuses attendant upon the issue of this paper money, it was during the whole colonial period always popular. It favored or seemed to favor the interest of debtors, always the most numerous party. But the total break-down of the Revolutionary paper issues, made on a much larger scale than ever before, and attended by a corresponding depreciation, brought this species of currency into discredit, and led to that provision in the Federal Constitution—a restriction which, when attempted to be imposed upon them by the mother country, the colonists had strenuously resisted—by which the States were prohibited from issuing bills of credit, or making anything but gold and silver a tender for the payment of debts. The effect, however, of these provisions has been, not to abolish paper money, but merely to alter its source of issue and its terms of redemption. They have but made way for the third era in the history of our currency—that of bank paper, which for the last sixty or seventy years has formed our medium of traffic. This paper differs from the old fashioned paper money—still in use, by the way, in the black Empire of Hayti—in two essential particulars. It is issued not on the credit of the Government, but of private individuals or of limited copartnerships, generally incorporated companies, and it professes to be payable, not at some future time, but on demand. This quality, however, of being payable on demand, it does not invariably maintain. In addition to numerous suspensions, resulting frequently in large losses to the holders of the notes of particular banks, the present is the fourth general suspension of specie payments in which our banks, either all or a large portion of them, have been involved. Of the two former suspensions, the first, that of 1814, was charged, and truly, to the complication of the banks with the Government. They had lent so largely to the Government, to enable it to carry on the war with Great Britain, as to have become unable, from the depreciation of Government stocks, to meet their own obligations. The second suspension, that of 1837, to which that of 1841 was a supplement, was charged, in part, at least, and no doubt was partially due, to the Government deposits to a large amount in the vaults of the banks, leading to loans, rather political than mercantile, which loans the passage of the distribution act made it necessary to realize much more suddenly than it was possible for the borrowers to respond. Since that time, the General Government has repudiated the use of bank paper, and the present stoppage must be set down as a purely mercantile operation, due to an expansion of credits beyond the limit of prudence or safety. Much, however, as the occurrence is to be lamented, and ruinous as it may prove to individuals, it is not likely to impose any permanent obstacle to the onward progress of the country. Past experience shows that the United States are able to bear up under the burden of a much more doubtful and fluctuating currency than that which we now have.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

FAILURES, ASSIGNMENTS, &c.

The following are the reported failures, assignments, etc., for last week, as we find them in the N. Y. Independent:—

S. Raymond & Co., Ashuelot, N. H., suspended.
L. R. Brainard, St. Albans, Vt., assigned.
Curtiss, Tobey & Sampson, Dry Goods, Boston, suspended; ask an extension.
Tenny & Ballister, Dry Goods, Boston, suspended.
Gregory, Tilton & Co., Dry Goods, Boston, suspended; ask an extension.
Sampson, Baldwin & Co., Fancy Goods, Boston, suspended.
Keith & Thornton, Clothing, Boston, failed.
M. C. Warren & Co., Hardware, Boston, suspended.
Wm. Greenough, Hardware, Boston, failed.
Chilson, Gould & Co., Stoves, Boston, suspended; ask an extension.
Underhill Edge Tool Co., Boston, suspended and assigned.
Blanchard & Gross, Shoes, Boston, suspended.
J. W. Carter & Bro., Grocers, Boston, suspended.
J. S. Edgerly & Co., Grain, Boston, suspended.
W. P. B. Brooks, Furniture, Boston, failed.
George Forsyth, Furniture, Boston, suspended.
J. M. Holden, Furniture, Boston, suspended.
T. F. Smith & Co., Worcester, Mass., suspended.
W. A. Fisher, Worcester, Mass., failed.
Williams, Rich & Co., Worcester, Mass., failed.
The Pacific Mills, Lawrence, Mass., suspended; ask an extension of six months to pay in full.
W. D. Cummings, Waterbury, Conn., suspended and assigned.
Rosenbush & Hartman, Rockville, Conn., assigned.
Winslow, Lanier & Co., Bankers, New York city, suspended.
S. & T. Lawrence, Dry Goods, New York city, reported suspended, we are happy to say are now going on with the business as usual.
Barnes, Lyman & Co., Dry Goods, New York city, suspended.
Carter, Quinan & De Forest, Dry Goods, New York city, suspended.
S. H. Terry & Co., Silks, New York city, suspended.
Homer & Ketchum, Millinery Goods, New York city, suspended.
S. Gallinger & Son, Millinery, New York city, suspended.
Ghiman & Brother, Hosiery, New York city, suspended.
S. Deutsche, Dry Goods, New York city, failed.
W. A. Crocker, Fancy Goods, New York city, suspended and assigned.
J. Steinberg & Co., Fancy Goods, New York city, suspended.
Loomis & Phelps, Straws, New York city, assigned.
E. F. Williams & Co., Straws, New York city, suspended.
Fisher & Plimpton, Straws, New York city, suspended.
S. D. Hall & Co., Straws, New York city, suspended.
Allanson Brothers & Co., Straws, New York city, suspended.
John Priestly, Paper, New York city, suspended.
Sands & Parsdise, Paper, New York city, suspended; ask an extension.
John P. Sun, Paper, New York city, suspended; asks an extension of four and six months; shows a good surplus.
Thomas Jones & Co., Paper Hangings, New York city, suspended.
R. Bainbridge & Co., Stationers, New York city, suspended.
Simon Leerburger, Caps, New York city, assigned.
S. De Agreda Jove & Co., New York city, suspended.
McCready, Mott & Brundage, Distillers, and McCready, Mott & Co., Shipping, New York city, suspended; liabilities large; ask an extension; offer to pay in full with interest.
Kenyon, Cox & Mottley, Grocers, New York city, suspended.
Darius C. Newell, Lumber, New York city, suspended.
James N. Wood, Lumber, New York city, failed; liabilities said about $100,000.
Urias Southerland, Lumber, New York city, failed and sold out.
Merrick Meyer, Watches, New York city, failed and assigned.
V. L. Cornell, Trunks, New York city, failed and assigned.
Pratt & Co., Buffalo, New York, suspended; surplus large.
John Sage & Sons, Buffalo, New York, suspended.
Barton & Grimlo, Buffalo, New York, failed and assigned.
Elias Dorlan, Troy, New York, failed and assigned.
Darrow & Bro., Books, Rochester, New York, suspended.
Alfred K. Fosgett, Niagara Falls, New York, assigned.
B. F. Dewolf, Lansingburgh, New York, failed and assigned.
John K. Lawson, Newburgh, New York, assigned.
Hiram Hoag, Saratoga Springs, New York, assigned.
Coddington B. Brown, Norwich, New York, assigned.
W. F. Brown & Co., Norwich, New York, assigned.
James Fisher, Addison, New York, suspended and sold out.
Whallon & Van Vleeck, Whallonsburg, New York, failed and assigned.
F. Slosson, Oswego, New York, suspended.
J. H. Stothoff, Phelps, New York, assigned to Sylvester King and I. B. Stewart.
Richard Farrell, Morrisonville, New York, assigned.
Daniel Blauvelt, Newark, New Jersey, failed.
Jerome B. Ward, Newark, New Jersey, suspended.
W. M. Simpson, Newark, New Jersey, failed.
Carson & Newbold, Commission, Philadelphia, suspended.
John Devereux, Commission, Philadelphia, suspended.
A. F. Cheesebrough & Co., Commission, Philadelphia, suspended; ask an extension.
Reigael & Co., Dry Goods, Philadelphia, suspended.
Temple & Barker, Dry Goods, Philadelphia, suspended.
Bunn, Reigael & Co., Dry Goods, Philadelphia, suspended; ask an extension to pay in full.
J. W. Hoses, Dry Goods, Philadelphia, suspended.
W. H. Shelmire, Dry Goods, Philadelphia, suspended.
Levicks, Bassett & Kuhn, Clothing, Philadelphia, suspended.
Cowell, Farerla & Co., Hats, Philadelphia, suspended.
A. M. Collins & Co., Philadelphia, suspended.
The Mutual Deposit and Loan Co., Philadelphia, suspended and assigned; liabilities about $60,000.
W. S. Boyd, Grocer, Philadelphia, suspended.
S. B. Bond & Co., Fruits, Philadelphia, suspended.
I. R. Savage & Co., Chemist, Philadelphia, suspended.
Randolph Peters, Philadelphia, failed.
John Parnum & Co., Philadelphia, previously reported; propose to make up their accounts to the first of December, and to pay in ten instalments of 9, 12, 15, 18, 21, 24, 30, 36, 42, and 48 months. Their statement, which was not so satisfactory as was expected, shows assets of $2,900,000, including $340,000 in goods, and $1,500,000 of suspended paper and overdrafts, to pay liabilities of $2,260,000, of which $280,000 are secured by collaterals that are included in the assets.
David S. Brown & Co., Philada., previously reported, propose to pay five cents on the dollar in cash, and renew the balance for six months.
A. A. Mason & Co., Pittsburg, Pa., suspended.
Wells & Bean, Pittston, Pa., suspended.
Asa Carson, Scranton, Pa., failed.
John L. Staples, Scranton, Pa., failed.
Moss & Brother, Scranton, Pa., failed and assigned.
Amos S. Merrill, Lenox, Pa., failed.
Cochran & Little, Punxtauny, Pa., failed.
C. W. Pollard & Co., New Orleans, La., suspended.
Louis Charles, New Orleans, La., suspended.
Molony & Bro., New Orleans, La., suspended.
C. W. Shaw & Co., New Orleans, La., suspended.
Oakey & Hawkins, New Orleans, La., suspended.
J. A. Doherty & Co., New Orleans, La., suspended.
Tesson & Donjee, Bankers, St. Louis, Mo., suspended.
Yeatman, Robinson & Co., St. Louis, Mo., suspended.
Reed & Co., St. Louis, Mo., suspended.
Jesse Reaves, Paducah, Ky., failed.
Phares, Taylor & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, suspended; ask an extension; pay in full.
G. T. Lewis, Cleveland, Ohio, assigned.
Paige Croswell, Painesville, Ohio, failed.
Kimball & Co., Canton, Ohio, suspended.
John A. Grove, St. Clairsville, Ohio, suspended and assigned.
Henry Jourdon, Troy, Ind., failed and assigned.
Wadsworth & Co., Bankers, Chicago, Ill., suspended and assigned.
W. P. Ross, late Ross, Bamber & Co., Chicago, Ill., assigned.
W. H. Ames & Brother, Springfield, Ill., suspended.
E. M. Phillips, Bloomington, Ill., assigned; liabilities about $30,000.
S. & W. H. Thayer, Quincy, Ill., assigned to Newton Flagg.
Crone & Levy, Aurora, Ill., assigned.
L. Burtchy, Jr., Woodstock, Ill., assigned.
I. V. Peirce, Milwaukee, Wis., assigned.
J. L. Burchy, Milwaukee, Wis., failed.
Marcus Otterbourg, Milwaukee, Wis., suspended.
B. Thorp, Milwaukee, Wis., assigned.
John M. Grimm, Madison, Wis., suspended.
Kasper Guck, Sheboygan, Wis., failed and assigned.
Martin Rich & Co., Horicon, Wis., assigned.
Taylor & Sons, Baraboo, Wis., assigned to L. C. Stanley.
R. J. Cassellman, Sparta, Wis., assigned to G. W. Lincoln.
E. S. Rawley & Co., Lyons, Iowa, assigned.
H. M. Walrath, Hastings, M. T., failed.
Henderson & Rolcomb, Montreal, C. E., suspended.
Forsyth, Bell & Co., Quebec, C. E., failed.
H. Topping & Co., Toronto, C. W., suspended.
Duncan McDonnell, Toronto, C. W., suspended.
Geo. Wilson, Port Dover, C. W., failed.

NEWS ITEMS.

Gov Pollock has appointed Thursday, the 26th of November, as a day of general thanksgiving throughout this Commonwealth. Maine celebrates the 19th of November, while Pennsylvania, Maryland, New York, New Hampshire and Massachusetts observe the 26th.

In consequence of the resignation of Thos. Allibone, the Directors of the Bank of Pennsylvania have tendered to Mr. John Welsh the presidency of that institution.

The crisis in the American money markets has been severely felt both in England and France. The rate of money throughout Europe was advancing, and specie was being shipped to the United States. The Europa brought about $300,000.

Niagara Falls.—The Clifton House, Niagara Falls, closed for the season on Wednesday, the 14th inst. The International, Cataract, and the other hotels still remain open.

The returns from all the counties in Pennsylvania but two give Packer (Dem.) 153,791, Wilmot (Repub.) 141,771, Hazlehurst (Amer.) 27,963.

Bit by a Rattlesnake.—A German doctor of Urbana, Illinois, the manufacturer of snake bite medicine, caught a rattlesnake on the prairie and took it home, and offered to let the snake bite him every time any person bought a box of his medicine for one dollar. On Sunday of last week, while fooling with his pet, it bit him in the hand. He applied his medicine without effect. On Monday he sent for a doctor, but too late; he died the same day.

The banks of New York have resolved to receive and pay out at par the notes of all banks of that State, but will open no new accounts with the banks out of the State. The Philadelphia banks, as a body have as yet come to no determination with reference to the acceptance of the provisions of the Relief Law. The bankers of Cincinnati have resolved to receive at par all bank bills received in New York, Baltimore, and Philadelphia, and also to take at par the bills of solvent banks in Kentucky, Louisiana, Missouri and Indiana.

Tit for Tat.—Monarque, the French horse that won the Goodwood cup in England, was badly beaten at Chantilly, France, by the English horse Fisherman, whose owner won $10,000 on the race.

Coin in Boston.—There seems to be plenty of small coin in circulation in Boston. The proprietor of a prominent exchange office in State street, had the curiosity, on Monday forenoon, to note the amount of the sums of specie offered to him for sale within a few hours. The total was $13,548, in lots from $2,000 downward. The holders were somewhat indignant at the terms offered, which was one-half per cent, and refused to sell at so low a rate, as it would not repay them for the trouble of carrying their heavy burdens.

Ominous.—The New York papers state that Joseph F. Perry, one of Mrs. Cunningham's bondsmen in the "baby case," was arrested on Friday, with counterfeit bills to the amount of $2,000 in his possession. One of his associates, who had $210 in counterfeit bills on the Roundout Bank, was also arrested. They were both committed.

Railroad Damages.—The widow of Mr. Secord, who was one of the killed at the terrible railroad accident at the Desjardines Bridge, Canada West, last spring has recovered damages to the amount of $12,000 against the Great Western Railroad Company —$2,400 to the widow, and $3,200 each to three children.

Slang.—"Dry up!" was an expressive phrase, but the boys in the streets have found a better one. Now they say, "Suspend!"

The Hermitage.—Gov. Johnson, of Tennessee, reports the purchase for the State of the Hermitage, and its tender to the Federal Government. In case the tender is not accepted, the Governor recommends that the property be retained as a residence for the future governors of the State.

One of the most vigorous and effective of modern British lyric writers, Charles Mackay, is now in New York city, having left Liverpool on the 3d, in the Asia.

Ohio.—The official returns of the election in 72 counties, give Chase, the Republican candidate for Governor, a majority of 2,027. The indications are that the Senate will contain 15 Republicans and 16 Democratic members, and the House will be composed of 46 Republicans and 57 Democrats.

Thirty-three counties in Minnesota, which have been heard from, give H. H. Sibley, the Democratic candidate for Governor, a majority of 1,700.—Fourteen counties are yet to be heard from; the returns will probably increase the Democratic majority. The Legislature is also Democratic.

Witty.—A young lady was asked recently how she could possibly afford, in these awfully hard times, to take music lessons? "Oh," said she, "I connive myself *to the low notes!*"

Salve for a Broken Heart.—In the Circuit Court of Bedford Co., Va., recently, Miss Amira W. Wingfield, aged 34, obtained a verdict of $2,500 against Wm. Stain, aged 80, for a breach of promise of marriage.

An Anchor to Windward.—The eight Savings Banks of New York city have on deposit an aggregate of twenty-nine millions of dollars. This is "something for a rainy day," and will go a good way to keep poor people from starving the coming winter.

What Comets are Good For.—The yield of wine in the south of France this year is said to be unprecedentedly large. It is equal in quality to the famous wine of the great comet year, 1811, and as the present year has also produced a number of comets, the peasants have christened it the "five comet wine."

Good! on the Back Track.—We learn that very large quantities of goods are being taken out of bonds for exportation. Immense quantities which have been lying in the United States Warehouses are being withdrawn, and re-shipped for Europe and the countries of their production. We understand this department of the Custom House is unusually busy, and we are glad of it.—*New York Mirror.*

A gentleman of Wetzel, Virginia, has a shot pouch made from the hide of an Indian who was killed and skinned by some member of the white race a number of years ago.

Counterfeit dimes are in circulation to a considerable extent. They are an excellent imitation of the genuine, containing the requisite ring and color. In the present scarcity of specie look out for them.

The Siamese Twins, now about forty-five years of age, have fourteen children. They are about to proceed to Cuba to exhibit themselves.

The Russian eighty-four gun ship Laporte had capsized between Revel and Cronstadt, when fourteen hundred persons were lost, including three Admirals and the wives and children of the crew. Of the number on board only six escaped.

"On Leave with his Family."—The little Prince Imperial of France is entered upon the roll of the French Grenadier Guards, draws pay, and his name is called at muster, when answer is made for him, "On leave with his family."

Mrs. Dr. Rush, of Philadelphia, died recently at Saratoga, after a lingering illness.

It is reported that the coming English steamer, the Persia, and the steamer sailing on the 21th October, will have on board one million sterling.

The President hearing that Ex-President Pierce contemplates visiting Madeira for the benefit of his wife's health, has, through the Secretary of the Navy, tendered him a passage in the steamer Powhatan, which is on the eve of leaving for the East Indies, touching at Madeira.

The failure of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, which has been previously reported, is absolutely denied by the Secretary of that Company.

Upon the authority of English letters received in Boston, the failure of some dozen or more of silk houses in Manchester was reported during the preceding week, while a number of heavy Glasgow firms are mentioned as being in the same predicament.

From New Orleans we learn that the panic was just beginning to be felt, and that a general suspension was contemplated.

Generous Act.—Mr. Lefevre, a wealthy sugar planter of Lafource, died recently without issue, his wife having preceded him to the grave. His estate was appraised at about $700,000. A few days since his will was opened, when it was found that he had left the whole of his possession to be divided equally between two gentlemen of this city, one a nephew to his wife, and the other the broker who had transacted his business. To the astonishment of his friends, this broker, on finding that he had been made legatee to half the old man's estate, ($350,000 at least,) went before a notary public and renounced the whole legacy, making it over in favor of the relatives of the deceased in France, consisting of nephews and nieces to the number of twenty or thirty, and all humbly situated in life. The old man had previously made a will, in which his French relatives were handsomely remembered; but on returning from a visit to them, not long ago, for some reason known only to himself, he tore the will to pieces and wrote a new one, leaving everything to his wife's nephew and his broker, as above stated.

He came to this country when young, a poor hatter; but prospering in his business, and finally marrying a lady of wealth, he went into the sugar culture, and progressed so well that a few years more might have made him a millionaire. The broker who so magnanimously renounced his share of the estate, gave as his reason for so doing that he was already as rich as he wished to be, and felt as independent that he did not wish it to be in the power of any one to say that any part of his fortune was not of his own making. His independence will certainly be heartily blessed on the other side of the water. We would give the gentleman's name were we not satisfied that he claims no merit for his act, and has no desire to be publicly mentioned in connection with the matter.—*New Orleans Crescent.*

A Shower of Manna.—Do not be incredulous, reader, when we inform you that on Monday last, at the foot of Clear Lake, in this county, a shower of sugar candy fell, covering a large tract of country. It covered everything—leaves of trees, rocks, and the earth's surface alike. When discovered by the inhabitants the next morning, a part of it was of the consistency of syrup, and the rest as perfectly crystalized as the candy of the shops. Its taste is precisely similar to that of unflavored candy. Mr. J. Hale, the Clear Lake expressman, saw it while on the ground, and collected a box as samples which he brought to us. There is no mistake about the matter, as the public may learn for themselves by calling at our office. The specimens before us are generally irregularly crystalized, rounded at one end and irregular in form at the other, as if broken off from some surface to which they adhered. They are from one-fourth to five-eighths of an inch in length, some pure white and others of a delicate pink hue. Their general appearance is that of very small stalagmites, such as we have often seen in caves. A similar shower occurred at Salt Lake some years since. Naturalists pretend to explain such phenomena by saying that such saccharine showers are of insect origin; but their explanations seem even more improbable than the fact itself—the latter being well attested, and the former a mere theory to excuse ignorance of Nature's wonderous workings.—*Napa Republican.*

The Amendments to the Constitution of Pennsylvania.—The following amendments to the Constitution have been adopted:—

"There were four amendments to be voted upon. One limits the State in the amount of debt it may contract to $750,000, except to repel invasion or to repress domestic insurrection, and also prohibits the lending of the credit of the Commonwealth to any individual or corporation, and the Commonwealth from becoming a joint owner or stockholder in any association or corporation. The second amendment deprives the Legislature of the power to divide counties without the assent of the voters of such counties. The third provides for the apportionment of representatives throughout the State, and the division of the city of Philadelphia into senatorial and representative districts; and the fourth gives power to the Legislature to alter, revoke, or annul any charter of incorporation whenever it is deemed injurious to the citizens."

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY
R. B. Jones, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Saloons, Nos. 727 and 729 Arch Street.

MEATS.

Beef.		*Mutton.*	
Roasting rib, ℔ lb	18 @ 18	Leg, Loin, Chp ℔ lb	8 @ 10
Sirloin steak	16 @ 20	Breast and Neck	6½ @ 8
Rump do	12½@ 16	Young Lamb, whole	$3.50
Chuck pieces	8 @ 12½	Whole carcase	8 @ 9
Plates and navels		*Veal.*	
Corned	8 @ 10	Fore quarter ℔ lb	8
Tongue, fresh,	65 @ 75	Hind do	11
Leg, each,	31½@ 37½	Chop	12½
Shin	25 @ 31	Cutlet	12½
Kidney	8 @ 12½	Sweetbread, each	10
Liver ℔ lb	6½	*Pork.*	
Dried Beef ℔ lb	18 @ 20	Young Pigs ℔ pr	$1 25 @1 50
Lamb.		Salt and fresh ℔ lb	12 @ 14
Fore quarter	75 @87½	Feet, ℔ set	12½@ 25
Hind do	1 00 @1 12½	Tripe, ℔ lb	4 @ 6
Chop ℔ lb	10 @12½	Lard do	12 @ 14
Calves Head, each	25 @31	Hams, sliced	12½@ 16½
		Bologna Sausage	16 @ 20

VEGETABLES.

Turnips bkt	25 @ 40	Corn potatoes bu	60 @ 75
do bl pk	12½@ 18	do bkt	37½@ 40
Beets bunch	6 @ 8	do bl pk	14 @ 18
Cabbage bhl	37½@1 12½	Onions bus	— @1 50
do h'd	3 @ 10	Carrots doz	— @2
Salad head	1 @ 5	Tomat's per bl peck	8 @ 9
S't Pot'es ℔ bus	$1 25@1 75	do per basket	50 @ 62
do do ℔ lb	5 @ 6	Corn per dozen	10 @ 12
		Egg Plants, each,	3 @ 10

FRUIT.

Apples ℔ bkt	25@ 50	Watermelons	25 @37½
do bl pk	12½@ 25	Peaches ℔ basket	$1 50@ 2
Cranberries qt	10	do half pk	18 @37½

POULTRY AND GAME.

Spring Chickens ℔ pair	31 @ 37	Sqh Pig'ns pr	25 @ 31
Chickens ℔ pair	37 @ 1 25	Woodcock	50 @ 75
Blackbirds ℔ doz	25	Frogs doz	25 @ 50
Reed Birds	31 50	Snipe, sand,	37½

SHELLFISH.

Terrapin(Southern)	$4 @5 00	Oysters, Absecom,	
do (Ches & Del)	5 00@ 6 00	℔ bkt	62 @ 80
Lobsters ℔	8 @ 10	do ℔ M	4 00 @5 00
Clams M	2 00 @2 50	M Riv Cove M	3 00 @5 00
		N Y do ℔ bbl	10 00 @20 00

FISH.

Halibut ℔	10 @12	Perch bunch	6½@18¾
Bass	8 @ 9	Catfish	6 @12
Forgies	— @ 8	Eels	6 @12½
Flounders	— @ 6	Salt Shad ℔	12
Cod	5 @ 6	" Mackerel	12
Blackfish	8	Dry Cod	4 @ 6
White Fish	— @ 8	Sm'k'd Herring bunch	2
Rock	8 @12½	Fresh Salmon lb,	35 @ 45

MISCELLANEOUS.

Butter ℔	28 @35	Honey lb	20 @25
Roll do	16 @20	Smearcase cake	2 @ 3
Eggs doz	16 @17		

☞ It has been said that a chattering little soul in a large body is like a swallow in a barn—the twitter takes up more room than the bird.

☞ An hour's industry will do more to beget cheerfulness, suppress evil humors, and retrieve your affairs, than a month's moaning.

An English paper records a remarkable display of presence of mind on the part of a boy aged only twelve years. His father came home intoxicated, and threw himself into the water butt. The boy witnessed the proceeding, and at once drew off the water. Some neighbors were called in, and they found the drunken man performing the uncommon feat of standing on his head in an empty barrel. But for the thought of the boy, the man might have been drowned.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—There has been no activity in the Flour market since our last notice. The export demand, as well as the inquiry for home use, has been very limited, and with light supplies, and a moderate stock, holders manifest no disposition to accept lower rates. The sales for shipment comprise 900 barrels at $5.25 ℔ bbl for superfine; $5.75 for extra, and $6 for extra family. Small sales for the supply of the retailers and bakers, within the range of the above quotations for common and extra brands, and $6@7 for extra family and fancy brands. The market is bare of Rye Flour. About 150 barrels sold in lots at $4.25. Corn Meal is very dull; small sales of Pennsylvania at $3.62½ ℔ bbl, at which little is wanted.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat have been small this week from all sources. There has been a good demand, and prices have advanced 2@3c ℔ bush. Sales of 26,000 bush Southern, Western and Penna at $1.27@1.28 for fair and prime red, and $1.30@1.35 for white. There has been a steady demand for Rye at 75@75c for Southern, and 76c for Penna. Corn has been scarce, but in limited demand. Sales of 10,000 bush yellow at 75@76c, closing dull at the former figure. Oats have declined 2@3c ℔ bush. Sales of 12,000 bush at 32@33c for Delaware, and 34@35c for Penn.

PROVISIONS—The transactions in all descriptions continue of a very moderate character. Small sales of Mess Pork at $24 ℔ bbl, and Prime at $22. City packed Mess Beef is selling at $15@15, cash. There is no Western here, and it is not wanted. Bacon—But very little offering, and that in the old way. Hams—Small sales of Hams at 14@15c; Sides at 13@13½c, and Shoulders at 12@12½c ℔ lb, cash. The season is now closed. In Butt Meats nothing doing. Lard continues in limited request, but without change in prices. Small sales of barrels at 14@15c, and kegs at 16@17c ℔ lb, cash. Butter—Has been dull, but prices are unchanged. Sales of 4 or 5 lots packed at 13@14c, and Roll at 16@17c ℔ lb, cash. Prices of Eggs and Cheese continue as last quoted.

BARK—Prices of Quercitron declined $5 ℔ ton early in the week, since which there has been more inquiry, and about 200 hhds No 1 sold at $32. Tanners' Bark is dull at our last quotations.

BEESWAX—Is in limited request. Small sales of yellow at 28@29c ℔ lb, cash.

CANDLES—There has been very little inquiry, and the only sales reported are small lots of Adamantine at 22@23c ℔ lb, 4 mos. Tallow and Sperm are very dull.

COAL—The trade during the past week has been much depressed. The receipts from both the Schuylkill and Lehigh mines, as well as the shipment, have fallen off, and orders from the Eastward come forward slowly. Prices are rather unsettled. Nothing doing in Bituminous Coal.

COFFEE—There has been rather more inquiry and the market is firmer, but the transactions have been limited, comprising only 300 bags Rio at 10½@11c, and 1200 bags by auction at 10@11c ℔ lb, on time.

COPPER—Is very dull, and no sales of English Sheathing or Yellow Metal have come under our notice.

COTTON—The market has been extremely quiet. The manufacturers having mostly ceased operations, there is little or no demand, and prices are about nominal. The receipts and stocks, however, continue quite small. Sales of 150 bales Upland at 13@13c ℔ lb, cash, for Middling and Middling Fair qualities.

DRUGS AND DYES—Most articles under this head are entirely neglected. Small sales of Soda Ash are making at 3@3½c ℔ lb, 4 mos. Opium is held with more firmness. The stock of Castor Oil is small. A lot of Oil of Lemon brought $2.20, 6 mos. A cargo of Jamaica Logwood sold on terms kept secret.

FEATHERS—There are very few here, and but few wanted. Small sales of good Western at 50@51c ℔ lb, on time.

FISH—Mackerel continue very dull, and prices rule somewhat irregularly. There are no invoice sales. Small sales from store command $18.25@20 ℔ bbl for medium No 1's; $17@17.50 for No 2's; and $13@13.50 for large No 3's. Of small No 3's the market continues bare. Pickled Herring are selling in a small way at $4.25 ℔ bbl, and Codfish at $4 ℔ 100 lbs.

FRUIT—The transactions in foreign have been of an unimportant character, in consequence of the shortness of supplies. Green Fruit is abundant, but is not selling so freely. Dried Apples are beginning to come in, and sell from State ℔ lb as in quality.

GINSENG—There has been nothing doing in either Crude or Clarified.

GUANO—The demand has been quite limited, but former prices are steadily maintained.

HEMP—The stock continues extremely small, but there has been nothing doing.

HIDES—There have been none arriving, and no sales have come under notice. 5000 Puerto Cabella sold in New York on private terms.

HOPS—The demand continues quite limited and the sales are only in small lots at 16@16c ℔ lb, for first sort new crop.

INDIGO—Is held with much firmness, but there is little or no demand for it.

IRON—There is no demand for Pig Metal, and the sales have been unimportant. Scotch Pig is nominal at $27@28, 6 mos. Limited sales of Blooms, Bars and Boiler Iron are making at former rates.

LEAD—Is generally held at 6½c ℔ lb. cash, but there is little or no demand for it.

LEATHER—There has been a steady inquiry for Spanish Sole and Slaughter at previous rates, and of the better grades the supply is limited.

LUMBER—There has been no inquiry for any description to fix prices—as building operations are about suspended. One cargo of laths sold at $1.25 ℔ M.

MOLASSES—Continues to attract little or no attention. A small lot of New Orleans sold at 40c, and some Sugar House at 23@24c. Some shipments of Cuba are making to London.

NAVAL STORES—The sales of Rosin, Tar and Pitch have been unimportant. For Spirits of Turpentine there has been a limited inquiry, and prices are 1 cent lower. Sales of 100 barrels at 47c, cash.

OILS—There has been very little demand for Fish Oils, and prices continue as last quoted. Linseed Oil has again declined, with sales at 67@68c, cash. Nothing doing in Red Oil. The stock of Lard Oil is very much reduced, and holders are firm at $1.15, 4 months, for No. 1 Winter. Olive Oil is unchanged.

PLASTER—Continues very dull. A small invoice of Soft sold at $2.50 ℔ ton.

RICE—The demand has been limited, but prices are unchanged. Small sales at 5@5¾c ℔ lb.

SALT—There have been no arrivals or sales since our last notice.

SEEDS—The receipts of Cloverseed are very small, and sales are making in lots at $4.50@4.75 ℔ 64 lbs. About 400 bus are being shipped to Liverpool. In Timothy and Flaxseed there is nothing doing.

SPICES—The sales have been unimportant.

SPIRITS—There has been a steady demand for Brandy and Gin at our former quotations. N E Rum is selling at 32@33c. Whiskey has been in better demand, and prices are firmer. Sales of bbls at 21½@22c for Pennsylvania and Ohio; 22@23c for Prison; 21c for hogsheads, and 20c for Drudge.

SUGAR—There had been a decidedly better feeling in the market, and holders are demanding higher prices. About 400 hhds are being shipped to Europe, besides which a considerable quantity has been taken to New York for export, at an advance of about ½c ℔ lb. Sales of 200 hhds Cuba at 6¾c, and some Sugar sold at 6½c ℔ lb.

TALLOW—Meets a limited inquiry. Sales of City Rendered at 7½c ℔ lb, cash.

TEAS—The demand has been quite limited, but without change in prices.

TOBACCO—There has been a limited inquiry for Manufactured, but Leaf is very dull.

WINES—The sales have been only in a small way at former rates.

WOOL—There has been little or no demand, and prices are entirely nominal.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER,
No. 333 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing dull.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct		
" "	'82	—
" "	'67 100	—
" "	'68 100	—
" 5 "	'85	—
Penna 6 pr ct	79½	80
" new	89	90
" 5 "	—	—
Cam City 6 pr ct	—	—
Phila 6 pr ct	—	—
" " coupon	—	—
All'gy city 6 pr ct	—	—
" county	—	—
Alle co RR 6's	—	—
Penn	—	—
" 5 "	80	81
" " coupon	82	83
Penn 5 pr ct	70	70
" 5 " coupon	73	74
Kentucky 5 pr ct	93	—
Penn RR 6 pr ct	89	90
3d m'rt loan '53	73	73
C & Am RR 6 pr ct	56	57
P G & N RR "	57	60
Reading RR "	60	62½
" " m'rt "	72	76
H & Lan RR "	—	—
Cha Val RR "	—	—
Tioga RR "	—	—
Phil Wil & Bal		
'60 RR 6 pr ct	98	99½
Long I RR "	—	—
Sch Nav '82 "	60½	61
Lehigh Nav "	90	92
Mort "	88	93
C & D C "	—	—
Sus & Tid '72 "	49	50
Union Canal	30½	45
Will'ms & Elmira		
1st m'rt 7 pr ct	85	91
2d " 7 pr ct	—	80
Catawissa "	45	50
North Penna 6 pr ct	45	49½
RAILROAD STOCK.		
Cam & Amboy	83	84½
Penna	32½	32½
Hen Meadow	45	46½
North Penna	7½	8
Phil Ger & Nor	51½	52
Reading	13½	14
Minehill	52½	53
Har & Lan	46	46½
Chester Val	—	5
Tioga	—	—
" preferred	—	—
P W & Balt	19	20
Long Island	7½	8
Wil'sport & Elmira	—	—
Catawissa	—	7½
CANAL STOCKS.		
Sch Nav	9½	10
" preferred	13½	14
Lehigh Nav	43	46½
Morris consolidated	31	33
" preferred	75	80
C & Del	—	—
Union	3	4½
Sus & Tidewater	9	12
BANK STOCKS.		
North Amer	—	—
Penna	93	97
Phila	—	105
Far & Mec	—	86
Commercial	—	45
N Liberty	—	60
Mechanics	25½	26
Southwark	—	90
P Township	—	—
Kensington	—	—
Girard	6½	7
Western	—	20½
Man & Mech	—	—
Commerce	—	—
Tradesman's	20	—
City	—	90
Consolidation	—	—
Commonwealth	—	—
Corn Exchange	—	—
Pittsburg	—	—
M & M Pitts	—	—
Ex'ge Pitts	—	—
Kentucky	—	100
Northern, Ky	—	104
Louisville, Ky.	—	—
Farmers, Ky.	—	100
Union, Nash Tenn	—	100
Plant's, Tenn.	—	100
Com & R Vick	—	—
N O Gas Lt	—	—

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
By WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.
PHILADELPHIA, October 24, 1857.

Pennsylvania.	
Solvent bks par to 3 dis	
Relief notes 1 dis	
New Jersey.	
Solvent bks par to 1 to 3 dis	
Delaware.	
Solvent bks par	
Maryland.	
Solvent bks 6 dis	
New York.	
Solvent bks par	
Maine.	
Solv bks 1 dis	
New Hampshire.	
Solv bks 1 dis	
Vermont.	
Solv bks 1 dis	
Connecticut.	
Solv bks 1 dis	
Massachusetts.	
Solv bks 1 dis	
Rhode Island.	
Solv bks 5 dis	
Virginia.	
Solv bks 8 to 10 dis	
Corp'n Alexandria 10 dis	
North Carolina.	
Solv bks 8 to 10 dis	
Canada.	
Solv bks ½ dis	
Georgia.	
Solv bks 10 dis	
South Carolina.	
Solv bks 8 dis	
Alabama.	
Solv bks 10 dis	
Mississippi.	
All bks uncertain	
Louisiana.	
Solv bks 15 dis	
Ohio.	
Solv bks 6 dis	
Kentucky.	
Solv bks 6 dis	
Indiana.	
Solvent bks 6 dis	
Illinois.	
Solvent bks 10 to 15 dis	
Missouri.	
Solv bks 8 dis	
Tennessee.	
Solv bks 8 to 10 dis	
Michigan.	
Solv bks 15 dis	
Wisconsin.	
Solv bks 10 to 15 dis	
Texas.	
Commercial & Agricultural bk Galveston 20 dis	

The will of the late Dr. Rufus Wilmot Griswold is contested by two widows. The last widow claims that the first was divorced, and the first sets up that the papers were not legally served upon her.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 and 16 Ann St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., New York.
HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
BURNHAM, FEDERHEN & Co., Boston,

Wit and Humor.

THE SACRED BONES OF HIS ANCESTORS.—We heard a good story a few days since, which is too good to be reserved for private use, and must therefore pass into print. When it was proposed many years ago to continue the Boylston street mall to its junction through Charles street, by cutting through the burying ground, there was naturally a strong opposition manifested by those who owned tombs, which would be thus closed up. By persuasion, and the assurance that new tombs would be built at the other side, for those thus deprived of their property, all opposition finally ceased, with the exception of the *steadfast* resolution of one gentleman who seemed immovable. The Mayor of the City called upon him, to urge his acquiescing in this great public improvement, but he was deaf to all appeal. "The bones of my revered ancestors," said he, "have lain there for over a hundred years. I respect their memory, and their dust shall not be disturbed while I can help it. *If I* am obliged, I will stand there with a naked sword, and he touches them at his peril who dares invade the sanctity of that spot." Argument was useless, and in the hope that he would yield, the new tombs were built, and when completed, the Mayor called upon the guardian of the revered bones, and took him to see them. He offered him his first choice of the row, and their neat, commodious, and cleanly appearance, quite captivated the gentleman. He promised to think about it, and the next day he called upon His Honor. "I've come," said he, "to accept your proposition. I have selected No. 21." "Ah," exclaimed the Mayor, "I am delighted to hear you say so, and to show you how pleased I am, I wish you would take your sexton and have the sacred bones of your ancestors deposited in the new tomb, and I will see his bill paid." "No, sir," retorted the irascible gentleman, "I'll do no such thing. I'm not going to have that new tomb soiled by any old bones, I assure you."—*Boston Gazette.*

A MODEL MAYOR.—Sometimes it is the misfortune of a city to have an ass for Mayor. Such was the case about twenty-five years ago with a certain city, which it would be impolitic not to say impolite, for us to name in this connection. He was so ignorant that the wags sent a book-peddler to him with English grammars immediately after his election; and when he declared he had no use for the book, the peddler said, "Everybody tells me you must have it and study it too." He came into office, and took his chair in stately dignity. In a few minutes the clerk laid before him a paper, which the Mayor was requested to endorse as one that had passed under his eye. The clerk remarked: "It is only necessary that you write your initials upon it." "*My nishuls,*" said the Mayor, "what's my *nishuls?*" Now it so happened that P. was the first letter of both the Mayor's names, and the clerk very innocently replied: "Oh, sir, merely write two P's upon the back of this paper." His Honor the Mayor took a quill in his trembling hand, and, with the perspiration on his brow, wrote "TOO PEEZ," and the document is on file in the office unto this day!—*Philadelphia Press.*

WAYS AND MEANS.—Two Irishmen, who were travelling together, got out of money, and, being in want of a *dish of whiskey*, devised the following ways and means:—

Patrick, catching a frog out of a brook, went ahead, and at the very first tavern he came to asked the landlord what sort of a cratur that was?

He said "frog," of course.

"No, sir," said Pat, "it's a mouse."

"It's a frog," replied the landlord.

"It is a mouse," said Pat, "and I will leave it to the first traveller that comes along for a pint of whiskey."

"Agreed," said the landlord.

Murphy soon arrived, and to him was the appeal made. After much examination and deliberation, he declared it to be a mouse; and the landlord, in spite of the evidence of his senses, paid the bet, instead of giving both the thrashing they so richly deserved.

THE LIGHT OF NATURE.—David Hume had frequent discussions with his friend, Dr. J———, on the subject of religion; the one maintaining the sufficiency of the light of nature to all practical purposes, the other insisting on the necessity of revelation. One evening, after a long argument on the subject, at Dr. J———'s, Hume rose to take leave. The doctor begged that he would wait a single moment, for a candle to let him see the way down stairs. "No," said the philosopher, "there is light enough still remaining." He began to grope down the staircase, when unluckily putting his foot into a tub of dirty water, left behind by a careless chamber-maid, he lost his balance, and rolled down heavily to the landing place. Dr. J——— hastened with a candle to his assistance, exclaiming, with ill-suppressed triumph: "Oh, David, David, I always told you the *light of nature* would never do."

SPEAKING TRUTH OUT OF SEASON.—Rev. Mr. ———, in the south part of the county, is an exceedingly plain looking man, and exceedingly sensitive, too, of his personal appearance. While about to proceed with his sermon, two or three Sundays ago, he was interrupted a moment by a little girl in the audience, who had been restless some time, when her mother placed her on her feet. She got a good sight at our modest friend in the pulpit, and sang out, so that it was heard by the whole congregation:

"I can see him! Ain't he real homely, ma?"

The minister failed to come up to his usual standard that afternoon. Children will sometimes unconsciously hit home.

THREE GREAT CLASSES OF SOCIETY.—We expressed to our associates a few days since, the belief we entertain that the financial crisis now taking place, will leave society divided into three classes, viz: those that black their own boots; those that do not; and those who do not employ blacking at all. They ridiculed the idea, but we believe it. Apropos to boot blacking. "You don't know how to black boots," said a master to his servant, "let me have the brushes." A splendid brilliancy was imparted. "Ah!" exclaimed the servant, "if I know how to black boots as well as you do, I shouldn't be your servant."

OBEYING ORDERS.—"Biddy, bring me some salt."

"Sure and I will, your riverence."

Forthwith appeared Biddy with the article in her hand. Said the master,

"Never again bring me anything in your hand. You should have brought it on a plate."

The evening meal being over, the bell was again rung, and the faithful domestic instantly appeared.

"I want my slippers."

Biddy went, and returned, bearing in her hand a plate, *upon which were the priest's slippers!*

A CONSCIENTIOUS GENTLEMAN.—A gentleman offered a horse six months ago to a friend for $300. "I'll buy him," said the friend, "with these conditions. I shall pay you two hundred cash, and owe you the rest." The offer was accepted, but, tight times coming on, the seller called upon the purchaser for the odd hundred. "I shan't pay you," said he, "for it would be a violation of contract. I agreed to pay two hundred cash, and owe you one hundred, and if I paid that, the bargain would be broken."

THE RING AND THE ROPE.—A maiden lady, not remarkable for either beauty, youth, or good temper, came for advice, to a Mr. Arnold, as to how she could get rid of a troublesome suitor.

"Oh, marry—marry him," he advised.

"Nay, I would see him hanged first."

"No, madam, marry him, as I said to you, and I'll assure you it will be but a short time before he hangs himself."

THE SCHOOLBOY'S THOUGHTS.—Jem—"Spose'n you was to be turned into an animal, what would you like to be, Bill?"

Bill—"Oh! I'd like to be a lion, because he's so—"

Little Tom, (who has had some recent painful experience at school, interrupting eagerly)—"Oh! no, don't you be a lion, Bill; be a wasp—and then you can sting the schoolmaster!"

CLIMATE ALONE NOT THE CAUSE OF COLOR.—It is a common opinion that climate alone is capable of producing all the diversities of complexion so remarkable in the human race. A very few facts may suffice to show that such cannot be the case. Thus the negroes of Van Dieman's Land, who are among the blackest people on earth, live in a climate as cold as that of Iceland, while the Indo-Chinese nations, who live in tropical Asia, are of a brown and olive complexion. It is remarked by Humboldt that the American tribes of the equinoctial regions have no darker skins than the mountaineers of the temperate zone. So also, the Pueliches of the Magellanic Plains, beyond the fifty-fifth degree of south latitude, are absolutely darker than Abipodes, Tobas, and other tribes, which are many degrees nearer the equator. Again, the Charrus, who live south of the Rio de la Plata, are almost black, while the Guaycas, under the line, are among the fairest of the American tribes. Finally, not to multiply examples, those nations of the Caucasian race, which have become inhabitants of the torrid zone in both hemispheres, although their descendants have been for centuries, and in Africa for many centuries, exposed to the most active influences of the climate, have never, in a solitary instance, exhibited the transformation from a Caucasian to a negro complexion.

SWALLOWING LIVE FROGS.—More than forty years ago I recollect seeing one of my father's reapers, Mary Inglis by name, swallow several live frogs. It was done to cure herself of some stomach complaint (*Pyrosis*, or water-brush, I believe) under which she was suffering. When asked what she swallowed them for, she replied, that "there was naething better than *paddy* for reddin' ane's puddins." When she administered her remedy, she held the reptile by the two hinder feet, and bolted it over without any seeming repugnance! Mary is still alive, nearly four-score years of age, in the village of Auchencrow. Can any one say whether the swallowing of frogs was, to any extent, used as a remedy in former times? The late eminent naturalist, Dr. George Johnston of Berwick, once told me that he knew individuals who had used this remedy. And an aged acquaintance has just told me that, when a girl, employed in gleaning, she once saw a Highlandman swallow a young living frog.—*Cor. Notes and Queries.*

VILLELE AND CORNWALLIS.—Villele in early life was a lieutenant in the French navy, and in that situation once received a curious lesson of English coolness. When Admiral Cornwallis was blockading Bangalore, the French frigate on board of which Villele served, wanted to introduce some supplies, which the Admiral would not permit, saying that if they persisted in the attempt, he would fire upon them. The French lieutenant, thinking he would not put his threats in execution, made for the port, when Cornwallis immediately put his ship alongside, and gave him such a broadside that he struck his flag at once, and said—

"We are your prisoners."

"No, not at all," said Cornwallis, "I am not at war with you, and have nothing further to say to you: go about your business."

But this they did not choose to understand, and insisted on his taking them in tow as victor, which he at last complied with, and took them to the nearest French port, when he made them his bow and left them.

MUSHROOMS.—The late Dr. Badham was an enthusiastic collector of British mushrooms, and maintained, in a cleverly written book, that we have more than thirty good eatable species of this "important and savory food, which, from ignorance or prejudice, are left to perish ungathered." "I have witnessed whole hundred-weights of rich wholesome diet," says the author, in the glow of enthusiasm, "rotting on the trees, woods teeming with food, and not a hand to gather it, in the midst of potato blight, poverty and all manner of privations. I have, indeed, grieved over the straightened condition of the lower orders to see pounds innumerable of extempore beef-steaks growing on our oaks."

☞ The latest way to pop the question, is to ask a fair lady if you can have the pleasure of seeing her to the minister's.

EFFECT OF NOT TAKING NOTICE.

Agricultural.

WEIGHT OF RACE-HORSES.

BY HARRY HIEOVER.

It must appear extraordinary to persons little accustomed to racing and race horses, when they hear of the vast difference a few pounds make as regards their running. It may seem a solecism in turf matters, the putting a mere child, of little more weight than a nursemaid is sometimes in the habit of carrying, on an animal perhaps fifteen hands and a half high, showing fair comparative strength. Such persons as I have alluded to may naturally ask if this is necessary. I should reply not at all as regards the weight the horse could carry, and perform the usual acts required of the animal; but it becomes necessary, where it is desirable to, in technical terms, "bring horses together," as in the case of handicaps. It is quite true the horse carrying four stone odd could run under probably seven or eight; but be it observed that, if it in some cases becomes necessary to make a difference of four stone to render horses equal as to a chance of winning, if as much weight was put on the horse carrying four stone odd as he could go under, it would then become necessary to load the others more like the old pack horses than race horses. It would, in fact, not be racing, but a simple trial of the capabilities of different horses. It may be said that the only consequence would (if high weights were adopted) be that races would be run slower. The consequence would be more than that: such horses as the Dutchman, Voltigeur, West Australian, and now Blink Bonny, would, if weighted to excess, have all their extraordinary powers of speed thrown away. Vedette won the Great Yorkshire Stakes, beating Skirmisher, Saunterer, and Strathnaver, eight stone two each. This enables us to judge of the pretensions of each as race horses, for they carried fair racing weights; but had there been unusual weight on each, the result might have been very different. We will suppose, as a case, that each had carried twelve stone: no one knows but the last horse in the race might have won. What if he had? he would not be of a farthing more value for the achievement. He would have shown he was the best beast of burthen, but would not prove he was the best race-horse.

In reference to any measure tending to cause races to be run slower than they are at present, it is useless to deny that a great deal of the excitement a race causes is occasioned by the speed we see exhibited. No one seems satisfied by seeing a very slowly run race, save and except the owner of the winning horse, who may be aware that had it been a fast one his horse would have had no chance—a circumstance the knowledge of which he had, of course, wisely kept to himself, and probably his jockey was only told of it when actually mounted. Depend on it, the game will be altered the next time the horse shows himself. No doubt but there would be as much competition between horses and owners if there were races for job masters' horses, the rule to be that each horse must have regularly worked at job work for a given time; but who would take an interest in such slow work? Probably the races might, in some cases, be as closely contested as among race-horses. The chances are, there would be more *fun;* but fun is not what we anticipate or wish for in seeing the Leger run. What make Newmarket meetings unlike any other? It is the *absence* of any *fun* to be met with there.

Having stated that it is sometimes necessary to make a difference of four stone in order to bring horses together, the inexperienced reader may infer that weight is not of the consequence it is to race-horses: let him not, however, be led into such error. It is stated that seven pounds is a *distance;* some men affirm less to produce such effect. I am a little sceptical as to this; nor till I see it fairly tried, shall I be inclined to give implicit belief to the assertion. That such difference in weight, between horses of equal pretensions as to speed, would make the race a hollow thing to the horse receiving it I believe to be quite certain, but not always quite so hollow an affair as we might anticipate. Some horses are wonderfully more influenced by weight than others; to one, therefore, it might make all but the difference of being distanced; the other, though he would lose, might make a close thing of it, even with the penalty stated.

There are so many ways in which weight affects race-horses, that it would be quite out of character here to attempt to name them. Some can run under very high weight where the race is not a long one, and still show great powers of speed; some can carry it (say) three miles if not too much hurried. There appears a certain quantum of weight under which some horses can go and will run well all lengths, with a weight varying from six to nine stone. Below this, whatever weight they carry does not to a bystander make any visible difference in their speed; but after this certain quantum, be it more or less, seven pounds would *stop* them. It may be thought, and perhaps is a singular circumstance, that a horse who can use all his energies under (say) eight stone seven, should be comparatively stopped by nine stone; but such is found to be often the case.

I have mentioned that it sometimes requires four stone to bring horses together in a handicap; this, without some explanation, may mislead the inexperienced reader, for there must be a greater difference between horses' qualifications than is usually found, if merit alone caused the difference to be made. But age as well as qualifications is taken into consideration by a handicapper; for it is hardly to be supposed that two three year-olds can be the one so inferior to the other as to require this monstrous difference to be made in weighing them. There may exist, and doubtless does, some wretch of the same age as Voltigeur, to whom he might have given four stone; but two such disparities would never have shown together.

The exact effect weight has upon the horse it would be very difficult to ascertain; for it would affect him differently in different situations. It would act quite differently on the hack, hunter, and race-horse; but it would be no easy matter to strictly decide how far it affects even the latter. The only way in which we could come to a definite conclusion would be to get two horses that were so nearly alike in speed, that with a given weight on each they would make all but a dead heat of it. Then put three, five, and seven pounds, and so on, on the one, and we should then see the difference it made in his running. But this would only show the difference it made in *him;* it would not prove the effect the difference of weight might make on other horses; it might be more or less. Now, to make the thing a little more decisive, we must put the same weights on the other horse, leaving the one we have practised on with the original weight they both carried. If we found it to affect each in anything like a similar manner, we might not be much in the dark in our decision, that in a general way so many pounds made the difference of ten, twenty, fifty, or a hundred yards in the running of the generality of horses; and we should, in a certain degree, arrive at a fair conclusion as to what weight is a distance—which I must say I think we are at present at a loss to decide; for a disparity of weight equal to a distance would never be put on two horses with any suspicion that it was likely to have that effect. It is a subject a man might write on almost *ad infinitum.* I purpose, however, to venture to make it the subject of another article.—*London Field.*

SYRUP AND SUGAR FROM CHINESE CANE.—We have been very watchful to observe the outcome of the experiments with the new sugar cane, and must say that thus far everything shows favorably. Most of the experiments this season have been tried under disadvantageous circumstances—with no previous experience, and only imperfect apparatus; and yet so uniformly have the parties succeeded beyond their expectations, that the new product is more popular this fall than ever. Many of the samples of syrup that we have tasted were made from sorghum canes, and imperfectly clarified, and consequently had a green corn taste; while others better managed, are not only palatable but delicious. Of this latter kind, the best sample we have found was at the Erie County Fair, made by Mr. Prentiss, of Margaretta. We also found excellent samples at the Delaware County Fair, made by Mr. Evans, we believe. But what was most satisfactory of all, we found at Delaware a jar of the *bona fide grained sugar,* beautifully crystalized, light and delicious, made by the ordinary process in a single kettle. We consider the question settled, and what farmers want further, is experience as to the best modes and implements of manufacture. These will come right along now.—*Ohio Cultivator.*

TO MANAGE A REARING HORSE.—Whenever you perceive a horse's inclination to rear, separate your reins and prepare for him. The instant he is about to rise, slacken one hand, and bend or twist his head with the other, keeping your hands low. This bending compels him to move a hind leg, and of necessity brings his fore-feet down. Instantly twist him completely round two or three times, which will confuse him very much, and completely throw him off his guard. The moment you have finished twisting him round, place his head in the direction you wish to proceed, apply the spurs, and he will not fail to go forward. If the situation be convenient, press him into a gallop, and apply the spurs and whip two or three times severely. The horse will not, perhaps, be quite satisfied with the first defeat, but may feel disposed to try again for the mastery. Should this be the case, you have only to twist him, &c., as before, and you will find that in the second struggle he will be more easily subdued than on the former occasion; in fact, you will see him quail under the operation. It rarely happens that a rearing horse, after having been treated in the way described, will resort to this trick a third time.—*British Sportsman.*

SAVING CABBAGES.—The best way to preserve cabbages green all winter, so that their good qualities shall in no manner deteriorate is as follows:—As late this month as the weather will allow, *dig out* your cabbages that you have set apart for winter use—dig trenches, say eighteen or twenty inches apart, and from twelve to twenty feet in length, as may be most convenient, and in accordance with the quantity to be preserved—*transplant* your cabbages firmly in these trenches, as closely as they will stand together. When your bed is finished, raise a platform some eighteen or twenty inches high, over them, which can be made of any refuse posts, rails or boards about a place; across this place a few bean poles or lath, and upon the whole throw a quantity of bean haulm, cornstalks, straw, or any material of this kind, as a protection against wet and frost—and you can get green cabbage up to April, finer than if plucked from the garden in October.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

WINTER APPLES.—Now is the time to take care of your apples for winter keeping. Pick them carefully from the trees by hand, in a dry day, put them in open barrels or boxes to go through the first sweating process, after which they are ready for final packing away for winter. If you expect apples to keep well, do not be too stingy of your pains in putting them up. Avoid every bruise, and from first to last handle the fruit as carefully as you would a delicate baby. A good apple in the spring is a greater luxury than an orange, which will cost from five to ten cents. And if the same care in saving is exercised, they can be had in perfect order for a good deal less money.—*Ohio Cultivator.*

Useful Receipts.

PRESERVED CARROTS.—Take one pound of carrots, one pound of sugar, and four lemons. Boil the carrots separately, and cut them in small pieces of an inch long, and a quarter of an inch thick; pare the lemons very thin, boil the peels thoroughly, and cut them like the carrots; then put in the juice of the lemons; boil the syrup over next day, until quite thick, and after you have flavored it with the essence of lemon, pour it over the carrots again.

TO RAISE GIANT ASPARAGUS.—In the autumn, as soon as the frost has blackened the tops, mow them; when dry, burn them on the bed, and scatter the ashes evenly over it. Mix thoroughly half a bushel of hen manure, with each load of stable manure, and spread a thick coating over the bed, and dig it under with a three-pronged fork, as well as can be done without disturbing the roots. As early as possible in the spring, turn the top of the bed over lightly, and cover it with salt quarter of an inch thick. In a short time you will have the largest kind of shoots. Repeat the same process every year.

PORK CAKES.—1 lb fat salt pork, and 1 lb. raisins, chopped together fine. 2 cups molasses, 1 cup boiling water, 1 teaspoonful of soda, 5½ cups of flour, and plenty of spice.

CORN MEAL CAKES.—Mix two quarts of Indian meal at night with a little yeast and salt, and water enough to make it stir easy. In the morning add three or four eggs well beaten; a cup of sour milk or cream; 1 teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a small quantity of water.—Pour in a pan, and bake 45 minutes.

DUPUYTREN'S POMADE AGAINST BALDNESS.—The celebrated physiologist, Baron Dupuytren, of Paris, devoted considerable attention to the causes of baldness, and the means of checking its progress, or of restoring the hair. He discovered a pomade, considered infallible in its results, which bears his name, the receipt for which is as follows: Macerate a drachm of powdered cantharides in an ounce of spirits of wine. Shake it well during a fortnight, and then filter. Take ten parts of this tincture and rub it with ninety parts of cold lard. Add a little essence of bergamot, or any other scent. Rub this pomade well into the head, night and morning. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, this application, if continued, will restore the hair. Perhaps.

REMEDY FOR CHAFES AND GALLS.—When horses or oxen are chafed or severely galled, by the harness or yoke, bathe the excoriated parts several times a day in a solution of blue vitriol (sulphate of zinc) in water—one ounce of the sulphate to four quarts of water. A quantity of this ought to be kept constantly on hand by those who work horses and oxen; it is better than rum, and in these "double intensified times," much cheaper and more easily obtained.

TO KILL RATS.—Take a small deal board, two feet long and nine inches wide, with a hole bored through the centre (of course, I mean from one edge to the other); it will then require a piece of iron eleven inches long to go through this hole, and stand out an inch on each side. The board must be a trifle heavier at one end, so that it will re-set itself after having tippled a rat into a cistern or tub. Of course, the irons on each side will be placed in a groove, and must be made to turn very easy. I have tried this plan with success, and if properly constructed it will catch all that travel upon it.

LORD RAGLAN IN THE CAMP.—Every one, of course, remembers that Lord Raglan, according to the London Times and its correspondent, was "never to be seen." We will give a little anecdote upon this point, vouching for its authenticity. An officer of rank was one day conversing near the hospital with a brother officer, with whom Mr. Russell had most intimate relations, and from whom it was generally believed in camp he received certain "inspirations." Well, this officer, whom we will call B, complained to A that he (B) never saw Lord Raglan. "If he would only show his face here occasionally, and not stick in his hut. It's really disgraceful; I've been here three months and have never seen him," remarked B. "Well, that's very odd," said A, "I have very often. By the way, who is that old fellow coming up there?" pointing to a man, shabbily dressed coming up the hill. "I don't know," said B, "he is always here poking in about the hospitals. I have a good mind to ask him who he is." "My dear fellow," said A, "don't, for that is—Lord Raglan!"—*Press.*

☞ Napoleon used to say that kings by birth were shaved by others, but that he who has made himself king shaves himself.

The Riddler.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 84 letters.

My 10, 47, 59, 31, 61, 5, 63, 51, 16, 37, is a memorable battle fought during the Revolutionary War.

My 22, 60, 53, 18, 29, 67, 79, 73, was a renowned Mohawk Sachem.

My 22, 69, 20, 72, 37, 15, 22, first introduced cattle into New England in 1624.

My 39, 51, 70, 39, 63, 29, 80, 22, 33, 06, 49, 59, 10, was the commander of a Spanish armament which invaded Georgia.

My 36, 47, 57, 1, 41, 53, 27, 55, 21, 30, 0, 53, 4, 2, 47, 78, was a King of Sweden.

My 22, 12, 47, 02, 44, 64, 67, 39, 59, 43, 22, 79, 37, 63, 30, was dispatched to purchase lands of the Indians in New York.

My 21, 78, 71, 56, 4, 26, 23, 37, 47, 11, 25, 31, 62, 12, 20, was an eminent merchant of London.

My 39, 45, 14, 36, 56, 78, 22, 64, was a superintendent for the New England Institution for the Blind.

My 33, 65, 32, 60, 52, 61, 42, 17, 20, 28, 8, 22, 24, 4, 35, 4, 25, 9, is the name of the first newspaper established in America.

My 18, 54, 37, 16, 49, 84, 20, 12, 23, 53, 18, 29, 50, 64, 3, was once a President of the United States.

My 22, 41, 20, 4, was a noted ship belonging to the American navy.

My 10, 47, 50, 40, 30, 53, 80, was once an important fortress.

My 62, 35, 5, 45, 54, 14, 15, 28, was a famous American General.

My 75, 23, 28, 59, 60, 26, was the commander of the American flag ship in the engagement on Lake Erie.

My 55, 43, 54, 32, 18, 30, 14, was a noted officer of the Mexican war.

My whole is a proverb.

Pottstown. MELIOR.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 52 letters.

My 10, 4, 12, 47, 45, 2, 25, 42, 21, 5, 7, 50, 21, 2, was a renowned astronomer, philosopher and mathematician.

My 10, 4, 6, 43, 11, was a Mayor of Boston.

My 44, 31, 24, 48, 53, 52, is an eminent professor.

My 19, 23, 6, 46, 52, 33, is an eminent professor.

My 15, 19, 24, 45, 42, 46, 20, 6, was a celebrated astronomer.

My 36, 51, 14, 46, 23, 20, 46, 37, 49, 10, 28, was a noted astronomer of Pennsylvania.

My 30, 15, 47, 6, 4, 30, is the author of a treatise on astronomy.

My 1, 6, 45, 42, 25, 36, 49, 12, 10, was an eminent French mathematician.

My 25, 6, 2, 35, 21, 20, 28, 41, 13, 25, 24, 17, was a learned Dutch mathematician.

My 7, 51, 6, 6, 25, 24, 27, is the author of an American School History.

My 40, 33, 30, 22, is the author of an English Grammar.

My 9, 25, 6, 27, 7, 51, 33, is the author of a pronouncing Gazetteer.

My 36, 15, 43, 2, 34, 10, is a distinguished professor.

My 22, 47, 22, is a noted professor of philosophy, &c.

My whole was one of America's favorite sons.

Pottstown, Pa. L. J. F.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Five letters, when they're placed with care,
My name will form, a beauty rare.
Like a dew-drop on a sunny morn,
The fair and lovely I oft adorn.
If you will but my first leave out,
A little of nobility 'twill bring about;
My first and last omit, and you'll find
An organ essential to all mankind;
Now if you'll have my last erased,
You'll find a fruit of pleasant taste,
With what I've given, and a good sound mind,
The answer you can easily find.

Pittsburg, Pa. L. A. M.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is found in every grove;
In winter-time we all do love
To have it plenty for the stove.

Upon the fields of Mexico,
My next, a soldier bold, did go,
To battle with his country's foe.

My whole invented a machine,
In every saw-mill, 'most, 'tis seen,
It's plain to you who 'tis I mean.

GARMEW

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first's the nickname of a boy.
You've heard it, I've no doubt;
My next's the same as unity.
This you can soon find out.

My third's a pest of woodlands tall,
And flies high in the air;
And many a poor and harmless bird,
Has fallen in its snare.

The Indian my whole does take,
When he goes out to fight,
And many a dark and bloody deed
Was done with it by night.

Pequea, Pa. ALPHA.

BUDGET OF ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY GEORGE W DUFFIELD.

1—No, I cannot rest. 2—Ten tea-pots.
3—Lie till I get Amy. 4—O! crop, sand rent.
5—Ice funnel. 6—X, let one mouse pin
7—Loosen my cup, T. 8—Steer home, Mr. T.
9—Dime bid in son. 10—Hire a prison.
11—Ties get a cut.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Bought a quantity of cloth, paid for it $750; afterwards sold one-fourth of the quantity again at $1,25 per yard, by which sale I lost $100, in so far as that part was concerned. Now I wish to know at what price per yard I must sell the remainder, so as neither to gain or lose anything by the whole transaction?

Snyder Co., Pa. AUGUSTUS.

CONUNDRUMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

☞ Why does a deaf woman like the letter A? Ans.—Because it makes her hear.

☞ When is an insect like your mother's sister? Ans.—When it's an ant (aunt).

☞ Why is a jump high in the air like the limits of a State? Ans.—Because it is a bound-ary.

☞ What part of a bridge is like a waggish expression? Ans.—The arch.

☞ When is a witty man like one in deep thought? Ans.—When he is amusing (a musing).

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL & MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA—"God made Washington childless that a nation might call him *father*." GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Lydia Huntley Sigourney. CHARADE—Garnet (gar-net). CHARADE—Rain-bow. RIDDLE—House (hose hue). ANAGRAMS—Reading, Cleveland, Decorah, Saint Louis, Pittsburg, New London, Lancaster, Economy, Alleghany, Waterford, Hartford, Tarentum. ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM—70.

☞ "A gentleman named Morse, met with a curious accident lately. Riding near Cwm mynllwydd, he was so struck by the charms of a market girl, that he endeavored to salute her but the Welsh maiden, indignant at his impertinence, stepped suddenly back, and he sustained a severe fall."—*The Cymmyrroidio (N. Wales.)*